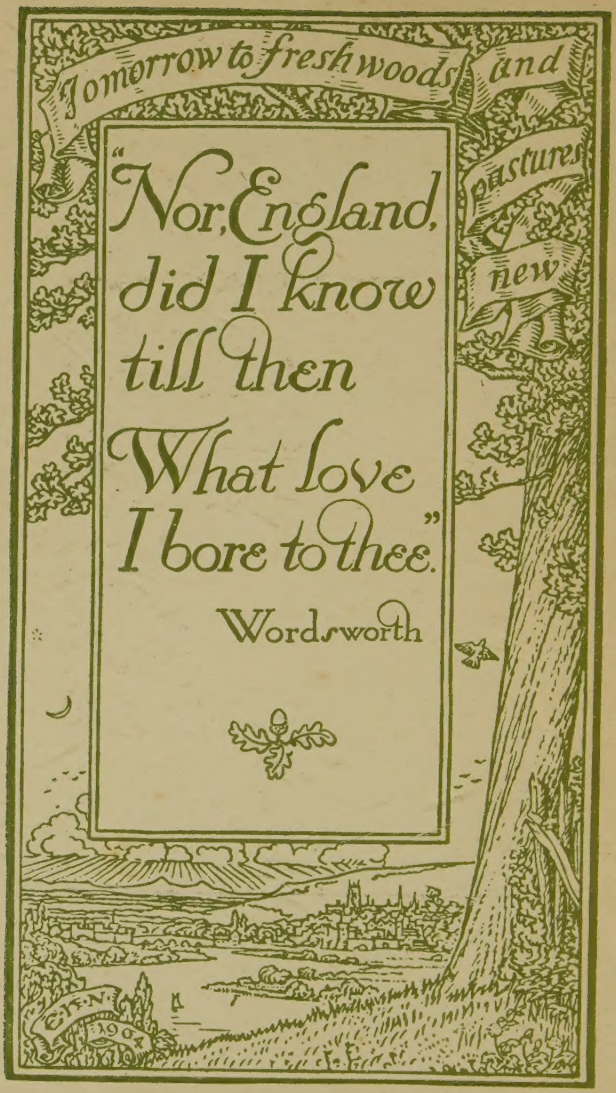
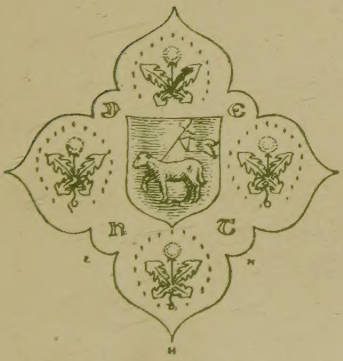
THE OLD COUNTRY


Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new
"Nor, England, did I know till then
What love I bore to thee."
Wordsworth
EIN
1904



THE OLD COUNTRY

The Baby Thames

The OLD COUNTRY:

A BOOK of LOVE & PRAISE of ENGLAND

EDITED BY

ERNEST RHYS

London & Toronto
J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.
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INTRODUCTION

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE

By Sir Arthur Yapp

There is a proverb out East that says the government is "the father and mother" of its people; and some one has spoken of our world-wide guild of the Red Triangle, that ranges from farthest West to farthest East, as being a great "mother hen." Some one else said that to him the Y.M.C.A. had been a second "Gunga Din"—giving him a cup of coffee instead of a glass of water—even where shrapnel was flying round. Lord Curzon described it as a "girdle of loving-kindness," and the Vice-Chancellor of one of our Universities as the "Hindenburg Line of the Christian Faith." To the average man in our forces it is a bit of England and the home country. It may be a big hut or a marquee, a strafed house, cellar or dug-out—no matter how poor the shanty, the familiar sign reminds him of home. As he listens to the sing-song, and watches the smoke of pipe and cigarette ascend, his thoughts involuntarily fly homewards.

In imagination he can see his village home, which is all the world to him, and the dear old mother kneeling at her bedside—praying for her soldier

boy. Another moment he is joining in a chorus with hundreds of his fellow-soldiers :—"Hi-tiddly-hi-ti—take me back to Blighty!" Then his thoughts fly off on another tack, for he is fed up with the war, and he recalls what he has seen in the past few days—villages as sweet as any at home ravaged and destroyed. He thinks of the cruel rapine and outrage, and he sets his teeth and determines to see it through ; to do his bit, that the homeland may be spared. Yes, that little brown hut with the Red Triangle on the roof is a link with the Old Country ; the letters written therein, with the Red Triangle on the paper, bring joy into thousands of homes every day.

And what of the future? When the Boys come home, assuredly they will look for the sign they have learnt to love and honour. We know that, by the long queue waiting outside headquarters every morning—men discharged from the Army or Navy who are in search of employment.[1]

The question is often asked : "What are you going to do with your huts after the war?" The answer comes clearly in one's day-dreams. One thinks of a big Triangle hut, doing good service to-day on some common,—removed when the war is over to some carefully selected site in rural England and adapted to meet the needs of village life. A Red Triangle Club-house would be a perfect boon to many a village we know, and would put an end to that deathly-dullness so many town dwellers regard as inseparable from country life. One can

[1] Nearly five thousand were placed in situations during the first fifteen months of our Employment Bureau's record.

already see it in imagination, with its common-room open to all the villagers, its billiard-room, tea and coffee canteen, quiet room and lecture-hall. What a boon such a place would be, and what an opportunity it would give of linking up the whole community in Christian and social service. We love these little islands of ours, with a love that is strong as death. Many have died for Britain, and others will do so when the call comes, but I hear another cry coming from generations yet to be, urging us to live for her and for the Empire of which we are so proud. The greatest task of all will be the task ahead—the task of re-building, of re-construction. This book comes as a clarion call to service for every one of us. May God help us to respond to the call.

EDITOR'S NOTE

This book has grown out of the good wishes of many would-be readers and the collective wisdom of many writers living and dead. The request for it came from all sides : from two of our soldiers in France, from an American lady who happened to be an Ambassador's wife, from a Canadian captain, from an Australian officer with a Welsh name, and from an English Princess. After the usual war's delays, it took shape under the seal of the Red Triangle, having survived the ordeal of a little wholesome scepticism on the part of the chief of that famous order. The last concern was the bringing of past and present into a workable common stock, the temptation being to rope in all the allied lands grouped round the mother country. However, questions of space soon settled that, and in the end we were obliged to make it virtually an English book, with a casual reminder only of the other regions, from Thule to Cathay, that might claim a part in the record.

The practical use of such a kit-book or hut-book lies in its pocketable size and its effect as a golden remembrancer. It can give clues to the labyrinth of the old literature which winds its way and opens into the new, but not much more ; while in the case of the original contributors, I am afraid the same kit-book economy has told hardly upon some of them, in reducing their articles to the marching rations limit. The same law applies to the picture-gallery that ekes out the text, whose pictures are chosen chiefly as

famous landmarks or familiar reminders. Westminster, Canterbury, St. Paul's, Salisbury, Oxford and Cambridge, the Thames near its source, the Tower and the Tower Bridge; the village shop; and the Tranter's cart that you read of in Hardy's Wessex tales; or, for variety, Sir Roger de Coverly, George Borrow, and G.K.C.—all may be recognised in the colour-prints or the black-and-white pages.

Among the collaborators in the book, Mr. Basil Yeaxlee comes first: he has been its unfailing guide "in its most need." Last of all, honour is due to those writers and artists who have so freely given of their best to the pages. To them the gratitude of an army of readers—soldiers abroad and England-lovers everywhere—will have turned, before this war, that has rent the map of Europe and knit up the Old Country in a new community of lands and nations, is over. They are the true continuers of a tradition which Hakluyt and Shakespeare, Goldsmith and Burke, Browning and Dickens, helped to form. So with a word from them of *Bon voyage!* the ship casts off on her far journey.

E. R.

Grateful acknowledgments are due by the Council of the Y.M.C.A. and the editor, publishers and prospective readers of this volume to the following authors and publishers for permission to use copyright material :—

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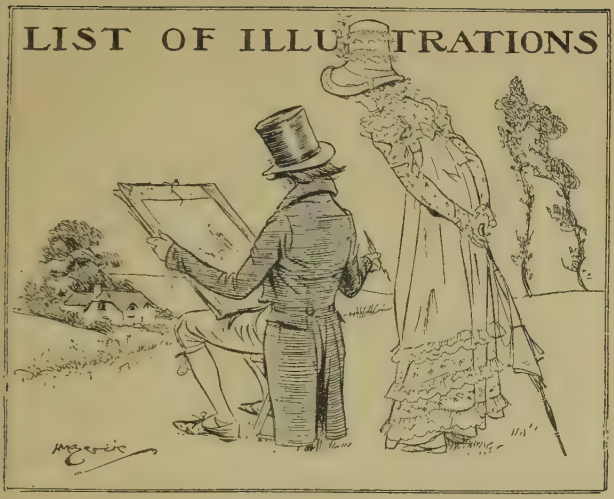

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"AND DID THOSE FEET IN ANCIENT TIME"

From the Prophetic Books
of
WILLIAM BLAKE
(1757–1827)

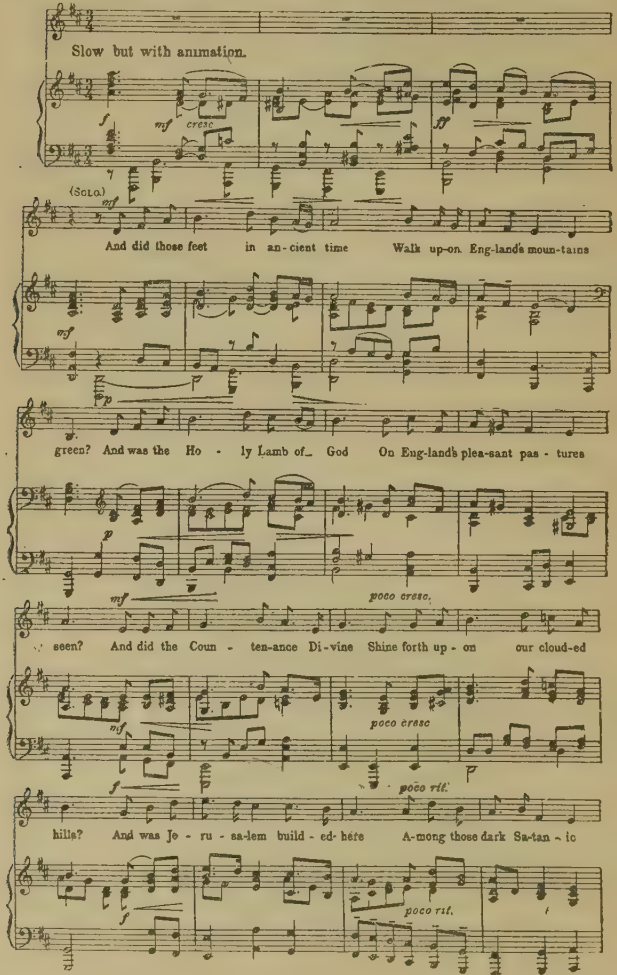
And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of Fire!
I will not cease from mental fight;
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

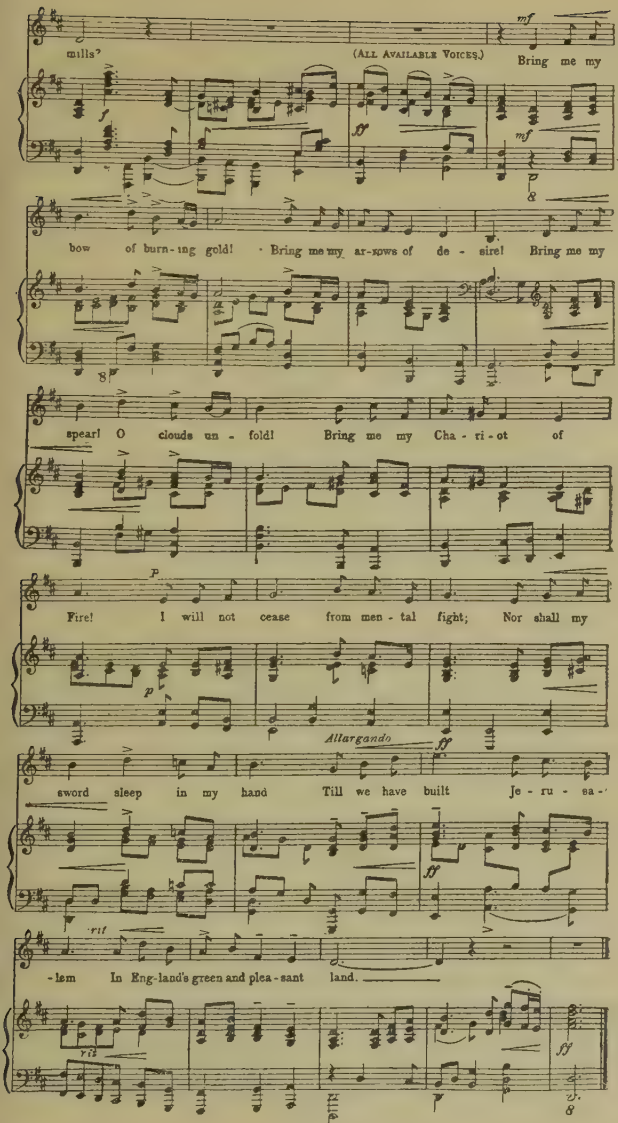
AND DID THOSE FEET IN ANCIENT TIME

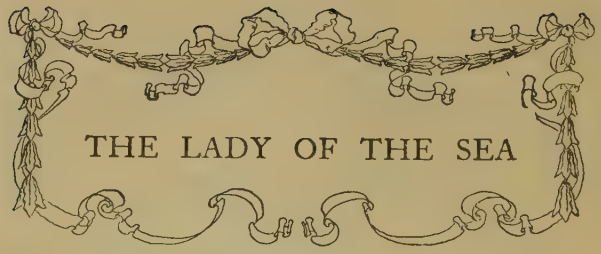
Stanzas from BLAKE'S "PROPHETIC BOOKS"

Set to Music by C. HUBERT H. PARRY


Slow but with animation.
(Solo)
And did those feet in an-cient time Walk up-on Eng-land's moun-tains
green? And was the Ho - ly Lamb of God On Eng-land's plea-sant pas - tures
poco cresc.
seen? And did the Coun - ten-ance Di-vine Shine forth up - on our cloud-ed
poco cresc
poco rit.
hills? And was Je - ru - sa-lem build - ed here A-mong those dark Sa-tan - ic
poco rit.

Published by J. S. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.


mills?
(All Available Voices.)
Bring me my
bow of burn-ing gold! Bring me my ar-rows of de - sire! Bring me my
spear! O clouds un - fold! Bring me my Cha - ri - ot of
Fire! I will not cease from men - tal fight; Nor shall my
Allargando
sword sleep in my hand Till we have built Je - ru - sa -
rit
- lem In Eng-land's green and plea - sant land.



THE LADY OF THE SEA

By William Camden (1551–1623)

AN ELIZABETHAN'S PRAISE OF BRITAINE

Britain is known to be the most flourishing and excellent, most renowned and famous isle of the whole world. So rich in commodities, so beautiful in situation, so resplendent in all glory, that if the most Omnipotent had fashioned the world round like a ring, as he did like a globe, it might have been most worthily the only gemme therein.

For the air is most temperate and wholesome, fitted in the middest of the temperate zone, subject to no storms and tempests as the more southern and northern are, but stored with infinite delicate fowl. For water, it is walled and garded by the ocean, most commodious for traffick to all parts of the world, and watered with pleasant fishful and navigable rivers, which yield safe havens and roads, and furnished with shipping and sailers, that it may rightly be termed the "Lady of the Sea." That I may say nothing of healthful baths, and of mears stored both with fish and fowl; the earth fertill of all kind of grain, manured with good husbandry, rich in mineral of coals, tinne, lead, copper, not

without gold and silver; abundant in pasture, replenished with cattel both tame and wilde (for it hath more parkes than all Europe besides), plentifully wooded, provided with all compleat provisions of war, beautified with many populous cities, fair borroughs, good towns and well built villages, strong munitions, magnificent palaces of the prince, stately houses of the nobility, frequent hospitals, beautiful churches, fair colledges, as well in other places as in the two Universities, which are comparable to all the rest in Christendome, not only in antiquity, but also in learning, buildings, and endowments. As for government ecclesiastical and civil, which is the very soul of a kingdom, I need to say nothing, when as I write to home-born and not to strangers.

But to praise Britain according as the dignity thereof requires, is a matter which may exercise, if not tire, the happiest wit furnished with the greatest variety of learning; and some have already busied their brains and pens herein, with no small labour and travel: let, therefore, these few lines in this behalf suffice, out of an ancient writer:—

"Britain, thou art a glorious isle, extolled and renowned among all nations; the navies of Tharsis cannot be compared to thy shipping, bringing in all precious commodities of the world: the sea is thy wall, and strong fortifications do secure thy ports; chivalry, clergy and merchandise do flourish in thee. The Pisans, Genoeses and Venetians do bring thee saphires, emeralds, and carbuncles from the East: Asia serveth thee with silke and purple, Africa with cinnamon and balm, Spain with gold, and Germany with silver. Thy weaver, Flanders,

doth drape cloth for thee of thine own wooll; Thy Gascoigne doth send thee wine; buck and doe are plentiful in thy forrests; droves of cattel and flocks of sheep are upon thy hills. All the perfection of the goodliest land is in thee. Thou hast all the fowl of the ayr. In plenty of fish thou dost surpass all regions. And albeit thou art not stretched out with large limits, yet bordering nations clothed with thy fleeces do wonder at thee for thy blessed plenty. Thy swords have been turned into plough-shares: peace and religion flourisheth in thee, so that thou art a mirrour to all Christian kingdomes."

Adde hereunto, if you please, these few lines out of a far more ancient panegyrist in the time of Constantine the Great.

"O happy Britain, and more blissful than all other regions! Nature hath enriched thee with all the commodities of heaven and earth, wherein there is neither extreme cold in winter, nor scorching heat in summer; wherein there is such abundant plenty of corn as may suffice both for bread and wine; wherein are woods without wild beasts, and the fields without noysom serpents; but infinite numbers of milch cattel, and sheep weighed down with rich fleeces; and, that which is most comfortable, long days and—lightsome nights."

THE FLOWERS

By Rudyard Kipling

Buy my English posies—
Kent and Surrey may,
Violets of the Undercliff
Wet with Channel spray;
Cowslips from a Devon combe,
Midland furze afire—
Buy my English posies,
And I'll sell your heart's desire!

Buy my English posies!—
You that scorn the May
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away?
Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my Northern blood-root
And I'll know where you were nursed!
Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to me,"
Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running free;

All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-rain.
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
Here's to match your need.
Buy a tuft of royal heath,
Buy a bunch of weed
White as sand of Muysenberg
Spun before the gale—
Buy my heath and lilies
And I'll tell you whence you hail!

Under hot Constantia broad the vine-yards lie—
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless sky—
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
You that will not turn,
Buy my hot-wood clematis,
Buy a frond of fern
Gathered where the Erskine leaps
Down the road to Lorne—
Buy my Christmas creeper
And I'll say where you were born!

West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—
They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—
Through the great South Otway gums sings the great South Main—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies !—
Here's your choice unsold !
Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,
Buy the kowhai's gold.
Flung for gift on Taupo's face,
Sign that spring is come—
Buy my clinging myrtle
And I'll give you back your home !
Broom behind the windy town ; pollen o' the pine—
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the *ratas* twine—
Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again !

Buy my English posies !—
Ye that have your own,
Buy them for a brother's sake
Overseas, alone.
Weed ye trample underfoot
Floods his heart abrim—
Bird ye never heeded,
Oh, she calls his dead to him !
Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas.
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these !
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land—
Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand !

SHIPS OF THE LINE

By John Ruskin

(1819–1900)

Of the larger and more polite tribes of merchant vessels, three-masted, and passenger-carrying, I have nothing to say, feeling in general little sympathy with people who want to *go* anywhere; nor caring much about anything, which in the essence of it expresses a desire to get to other sides of the world; but only for homely and stay-at-home ships, that live their life and die their death about English rocks. Neither have I any interest in the higher branches of commerce, such as traffic with spice islands, and porterage of painted tea-chests or carved ivory; for all this seems to me to fall under the head of commerce of the drawing-room; costly, but not venerable. I respect in the merchant service only those ships that carry coals, herrings, salt, timber, iron, and such other commodities, and

that have disagreeable odour and unwashed decks. But there are few things more impressive to me than one of these ships lying up against some lonely quay in a black sea-fog, with the furrow traced under its tawny keel far in the harbour slime. The noble misery that there is in it, the might of its rent and strained unseemliness, its wave-worn melancholy, resting there for a little while in the comfortless ebb, unpitied, and claiming no pity; still less honoured, least of all conscious of any claim to honour; casting and craning by due balance whatever is in its hold up to the pier, in quiet truth of time; spinning of wheel, and slackening of rope, and swinging of spade, in as accurate cadence as a waltz music; one or two of its crew, perhaps, away forward, and a hungry boy and yelping dog eagerly interested in something from which a blue dull smoke rises out of pot or pan; but dark-browed and silent, their limbs slack, like the ropes above them, entangled as they are in those inextricable meshes about the patched knots, and heaps of ill-reefed sable sail. What a majestic sense of service in all that languor! the rest of human limbs and hearts, at utter need, not in sweet meadows or soft air, but in harbour slime and biting fog; so drawing their breath once more, to go out again, without lament, from between the two skeletons of pier-heads, vocal with wash of under-wave, into the grey troughs of tumbling brine; there, as they can, with slacked rope, and patched sail, and leaky hull, again to roll and stagger far away amidst the wind and salt sleet, from dawn to dusk and dusk to dawn, winning day by day their daily bread;

and for last reward, when their old hands, on some winter night, lose feeling along the frozen ropes, and their old eyes miss mark of the lighthouse quenched in foam, the so-long impossible Rest, that shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more—their eyes and mouths filled with the brown sea-sand.

After these most venerable, to my mind, of all ships, properly so styled, I find nothing of comparable interest in any floating fabric until we come to the great achievement of the 19th century. For one thing this century will in after ages be considered to have done in a superb manner, and one thing, I think, only. It has not distinguished itself in political spheres; still less in artistical. It has produced no golden age by its Reason; neither does it appear eminent for the constancy of its Faith. Its telescopes and telegraphs would be creditable to it, if it had not in their pursuit forgotten in great part how to see clearly with its eyes, and to talk honestly with its tongue. Its natural history might have been creditable to it also, if it could have conquered its habit of considering natural history to be mainly the art of writing Latin names on white tickets. But, as it is, none of these things will be hereafter considered to have been got on with by us as well as might be; whereas it will always be said of us, with unabated reverence: THEY BUILT SHIPS OF THE LINE.

Take it all in all, a Ship of the Line is the most honourable thing that man, as a gregarious animal, has ever produced. By himself, unhelped, he can

do better things than ships of the line; he can make poems and pictures, and other such concentrations of what is best in him. But as a being living in flocks, and hammering out, with alternate strokes and mutual agreement, what is necessary for him in those flocks, to get or produce the ship of the line is his first work. Into that he has put as much of his human patience, common sense, forethought, experimental philosophy, self-control, habits of order and obedience, thoroughly wrought handwork, defiance of brute elements, careless courage, careful patriotism, and calm expectation of the judgment of God, as can well be put into a space of 300 feet long by 80 broad. And I am thankful to have lived in an age when I could see this thing so done.

Considering, then, our shipping, under the three principal types of fishing-boat, collier, and ship of the line, as the great glory of this age; and the "New Forest" of mast and yard that follows the windings of the Thames, to be, take it all in all, a more majestic scene, I don't say merely than any of our streets or palaces as they now are, but even than the best that streets and palaces can generally be; it has often been a matter of serious thought to me how far this chiefly substantial thing done by the nation ought to be represented by the art of the nation; how far our great artists ought seriously to devote themselves to such perfect painting of our ships as should reveal to later generations—lost perhaps in clouds of steam and floating troughs of ashes—the aspect of an ancient ship of battle under sail.

To which, I fear, the answer must be sternly this: That no great art ever was, or can be, employed in the careful imitation of the work of man as its principal subject. That is to say, art will not bear to be reduplicated. A ship is a noble thing, and a cathedral a noble thing, but a painted ship or a painted cathedral is not a noble thing. Art which reduplicates art is necessarily second-rate art. I know no principle more irrefragably authoritative than that which I had long ago occasion to express: "All noble art is the expression of man's delight in God's work; not in his own."

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

By Robert Browning (1812–1889)

Bells and Pomegranates, vii. 1845.

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the north-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest north-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand and grey;
"Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?"—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

LOLLINGDON DOWNS

By John Masefield

Night is on the downland, on the lonely moorland,
On the hills where the wind goes over sheep-bitten
turf,
Where the bent grass beats upon the unploughed
poorland
And the pine-woods roar like the surf.

Here the Roman lived on the wind-barren lonely,
Dark now and haunted by the moorland fowl;
None comes here now but the peewit only,
And moth-like death in the owl.

Beauty was here, on this beetle-droning downland;
The thought of a Cæsar in the purple came
From the palace by the Tiber in the Roman town-
land
To this wind-swept hill with no name.

Lonely Beauty came here and was here in sadness,
Brave as a thought on the frontier of the mind,
In the camp of the wild upon the march of mad-
ness,
The bright-eyed Queen of the Blind.

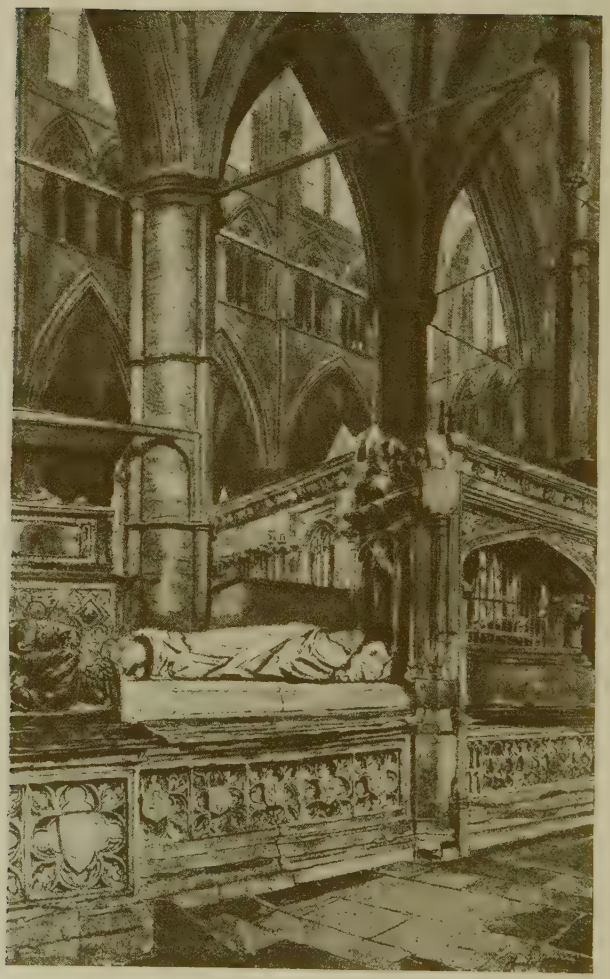
Now where Beauty was are the wind-withered
gorses,
Moaning like old men in the hill-wind's blast;
The flying sky is dark with running horses,
And the night is full of the past.

SOME OLD RELIGIOUS HOUSES ON THE THAMES

By Hilaire Belloc

Abingdon, Westminster, and Chertsey are all ascribed by tradition, and each by a very vital and well-documented tradition, to the seventh century: Abingdon and Chertsey to its close; Westminster, with less assurance, to its beginning. All three, we may take it, did arise in that period which was for the eastern part of this island a time when all the work of Europe had to be begun again. Though we know nothing of the progress of the Saxon pirates in the province of Britain, and though history is silent for the hundred and fifty years covered by the disaster, yet on the analogy of other and later raids from the North Sea we may imagine that no inland part of the country suffered more than the Valley of the Thames. All that was left of the Roman order, wealth and right living, must have appeared at the close of that sixth century, when the Papal Mission landed, something as appears the wrecked and desolate land upon the retirement of a flood. To cope with such conditions, to reintroduce into the ravaged and desecrated province, which had lost its language in the storm, all its culture, and even its religion, a new beginning of energy and of production, came, with the peculiar advantages we have seen it to possess for such a work, the monastic institution. For two

Westminster from the River



Interior of Westminster Abbey from the Chapel of St John the Baptist

centuries the great houses were founded all over England: their attachment to Continental learning, their exactitude, their corporate power of action, were all in violent contrast to, and most powerfully educational for, the barbarians in the midst of whom they grew. It may be truly said that if we regard the life of England as beginning anew with the Saxon invasion, if that disaster of the pirate raids be considered as so great that it offers a breach of continuity in the history of Britain, then the new country which sprang up, speaking Teutonic dialects, and calling itself by its present name of England, was actually created by the Benedictine monks.

It was within a very few years of St. Augustine's landing that Westminster must have been begun. There are several versions of the story: the most detailed statement we have ascribes it to the particular year 604, but varied as are the forms in which the history, or rather the legend, is preserved, the truth common to all is the foundation quite early in the seventh century. It was very probably supported by what barbaric Government there was in London at the time and initiated, moreover, according to one form of the legend, and that not the least plausible, by the first bishop of the see. The site was at the moment typical of all those which the great monasteries of the West were to turn from desert places to gardens: it was a waste tract of ground called "Thorney," lying low, triangular in shape, bounded by the two reedy streams that descended through the depression which now runs across the Green Park and May-

fair, and emptied themselves into the Thames, the one just above, the other 100 or 200 yards below, the site of the Houses of Parliament.

The moment the foundation was established a stream of wealth tended towards it: it was at the very gate of the largest commercial city in the kingdom and it was increasingly associated, as the Anglo-Saxon monarchy developed, with the power of the Central Government. This process culminated in the great donation and rebuilding of Edward the Confessor.

The period of this new endowment was one well chosen to launch the future glory of Westminster. England was all prepared to be permeated with the Norman energy, and when immediately after the Conquest came, the great shrine inherited all the glamour of a lost period, while it established itself with the new power as a sort of symbol of the continuity of the Crown. There William was anointed, there was his palace and that of his son. When, with the next century, the seat of government became fixed, and London was finally established as the capital, Westminster had already become the seat of the monarchy.

Chertsey, next up the river, took on the work. Like Westminster—though, by tradition, a few years later than Westminster—its foundation goes back to the birth of England. Its history is known in some detail, and is full of incident, so that it may be called the pivot upon which, presumably, turned the development of the Thames Valley above London for two hundred years. Its site is worth noting. The rich, but at first probably

swampy, pasturage upon the Surrey side was just such a position as one foundation after another up and down England settled on. To reclaim land of this kind was one of the special functions of the great abbeys, and Chertsey may be compared in this particular to Hyde, for instance, or to the Vale of the Cross, to Fountains, to Ripon, to Melrose, and to many others. It was in the new order of monastic development what Staines, its neighbour, had been in the old Roman order—the mark of the first stage up-river from London.

The pagan storm which all but repeated in Britain the disaster of the Saxon invasions, which all but overcame the mystic tenacity of Alfred and the positive mission of the town of Pairs, swept it completely. Its abbot and its ninety monks were massacred, and it was not till late in the next century, about 950, that it arose again from its ruins. It was deliberately recolonised again from Abingdon, and from that moment onwards it grew again into power. Donations poured upon it; one of them, not the least curious, was of land in Cardiganshire. It came from those Welsh princes who were perpetually at war with the English Crown: for religion was in those days what money is now—a thing without frontiers—and it seemed no more wonderful to the Middle Ages that an English monastery should collect its rents in an enemy's land than it seems strange to us that the modern financier should draw interest upon money lent for armament against the country of his domicile. Here also was first buried (and lay until it was removed to Windsor) the body of Henry the Sixth.

The third of the great early foundations is Abingdon, and in a way it is the greatest, for, without direct connection with the Crown, by the mere vitality of its tradition, it became something more even than Chertsey was, wielding an immense revenue, more than half that of Westminster itself, and situated, as it was, in a small up-valley town, ruling with almost monarchical power. There could be even less doubt in the case of Abingdon than there was in the case of Chertsey that it was the creator of its own district of the Thames. It stood right in the marshy and waste spaces of the middle upper river, commanding a difficult but an important ford, and holding the gate of what was to be one of the most fruitful and famous of English vales. It can only have been from Abingdon that the culture and energy proceeded which was to build up Northern Berkshire and Oxfordshire between the Saxon and the Danish invasions. There only was established a sufficient concentration or capital for the work and of knowledge for the application of that wealth.

Like its two peers at Chertsey and at Westminster, Abingdon begins with legend. We are fairly sure of its date, 675, but the anchorite of the fifth century, "Aben," is as suspicious as the early Anglo-Saxon Chronicle itself, and still wilder are the fine and striking stories of its British origin, of its destruction under the persecution of Diocletian and of its harbouring the youth of Constantine. But the stories are at least enough to show with what violence the pomp and grandeur of the place struck the imagination of its historians.

Abingdon was, moreover, probably on account of its distance from London, more of a local centre, and, to repeat a word already used, more of a "monarchy" than the other great monasteries of the Thames Valley. This is sufficiently proved by a glance at the ecclesiastic map, such as, for instance, that published in "The Victoria History of the County of Berkshire," where one sees the manors belonging to Abingdon at the time of the Conquest all clustered together and occupying one full division of the county, that, namely, included in the great bend of the Thames which has its cusp at Witham Hill. Abingdon was the life of Northern Berkshire, and it is not fantastic to compare its religious aspect in Saxon times over against the King's towns of Wantage and Wallingford to the larger national aspect of Canterbury over against Winchester and London.

Even in its purely civic character, it acquired a position which no one of the greater northern monasteries could pretend to, through the building of its bridge in the early fifteenth century. The twin fords crossing this bend of the river were, though direct and important, difficult; when they were once bridged and the bridges joined by the long causeway which still runs across Andersey Island between the old and the new branches of the Thames, travel was easily diverted from the bridge of Wallingford to that at Abingdon, and the great western road running through Farringdon towards the Cotswolds and the valley of the Severn had Abingdon for its sort of midway market town.

These three great Benedictine monasteries form,

as it were, the three nurseries or seed plots from which civilisation spread out along the Thames Valley after the destruction wrought by the first and worst barbarian invasions. All three, as we have seen, go back to the very beginning of the Christian phase of English history; the origins of all three merge in those legends which make a twilight between the fantastic stories of the earlier paganism and the clear records of the Christian epoch after the re-Latinisation of England. An outpost beyond these three is the institution of St. Frideswides at Oxford. Beyond that point the upper river, gradually narrowing, losing its importance for commerce and as a highway, supported no great monastery, and felt but tardily the economic change wrought by the foundations lower down the stream.

Chertsey and Westminster certainly, and Abingdon very probably, were destroyed, or at least sacked, in the Danish invasions, but their roots lay too deep to allow them to disappear: they re-arose, and a generation before the Conquest were again by far the principal centres of production and government in the Thames Valley. Indeed, with the exception of the string of royal estates upon the banks of the river, and of the town of Oxford, Chertsey, Westminster and Abingdon were the only considerable seats of regulation and goverment upon the Thames, when the Conquest came to reorganise the whole of English life.

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS' WIVES

By Thomas Hardy

I

At last! In sight of home again,
Of home again;
No more to range and roam again
As at that bygone time?
No more to go away from us
And stay from us?—
Dawn, hold not long the day from us,
But quicken it to prime!

II

Now all the town shall ring to them,
Shall ring to them,
And we who love them cling to them
And clasp them joyfully;
And cry, "O much we'll do for you
Anew for you,
Dear Loves!—aye, draw and hew for you,
Come back from over sea."

III

Some told us we should meet no more,
Should meet no more;
Should wait, and wish, but greet no more
Your faces round our fires;

That, in a while, uncharily,
And drearily
Men gave their lives—even wearily,
Like those whom living tires.

IV

And now you are nearing home again,
Dears, home again ;
No more, maybe, to roam again
As at that bygone time,
Which took you far away from us
To stay from us ;
Dawn, hold not long the day from us,
But quicken it to prime !

THE OLD ENGLISH MAIL COACH

"GOING DOWN WITH VICTORY"

By Thomas De Quincey (1785–1859)

The grandest chapter of our experience, within the whole mail-coach service, was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of victory. Five years of life it was worth paying down for the privilege of an outside place on a mail-coach, when carrying down the first tidings of any event. And it is to be noted that, from our insular situation, and the multitude of our frigates disposable for the rapid transmission of intelligence, rarely did any unauthorised rumour steal away a prelibation from the first aroma of the regular despatches. The government news was generally the earliest news.

From eight p.m. to fifteen or twenty minutes later, imagine the mails assembled on parade in Lombard Street, where, at that time, and not in St. Martin's-le-Grand, was seated the General Post-Office. In what exact strength we mustered I do not remember; but, from the length of each separate *attelage*, we filled the street, though a long one, and though we were drawn up in double file. On *any* night the spectacle was beautiful. The

absolute perfection of all the appointments about the carriages and the harness, their strength, their brilliant cleanliness, their beautiful simplicity—but, more than all, the royal magnificence of the horses —were what might first have fixed the attention. Every carriage, on every morning in the year, was taken down to an official inspector for examination— wheels, axles, linchpins, pole, glasses, lamps, were all critically probed and tested. Every part of every carriage had been cleaned, every horse had been groomed, with as much rigour as if they belonged to a private gentleman ; and that part of the spectacle offered itself always. But the night before us is a night of victory ; and, behold ! to the ordinary display, what a heart-shaking addition ! —horses, men, carriages, all are dressed in laurels and flowers, oak-leaves and ribbons. The guards, as being officially his majesty's servants, and of the coachmen such as are within the privilege of the post-office, wear the royal liveries of course ; and as it is summer (for all the *land* victories were naturally won in summer), they wear, on this fine evening, these liveries exposed to view, without any covering of upper coats. Such a costume, and the elaborate arrangement of the laurels in their hats, dilate their hearts, by giving to them openly a personal connection with the great news, in which already they have the general interest of patriotism. That great national sentiment surmounts and quells all sense of ordinary distinctions. Those passengers who happen to be gentlemen are now hardly to be distinguished as such except by dress ; for the usual reserve of their manner in speaking to the atten-

dants has on this night melted away. One heart, one pride, one glory, connects every man by the transcendent bond of his national blood. The spectators, who are numerous beyond precedent, express their sympathy with these fervent feelings by continual hurrahs. Every moment are shouted aloud by the post-office servants, and summoned to draw up, the great ancestral names of cities known to history through a thousand years — Lincoln, Winchester, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol, Manchester, York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen—expressing the grandeur of the empire by the antiquity of its towns, and the grandeur of the mail establishment by the diffusive radiation of its separate missions. Every moment you hear the thunder of lids locked down upon the mail-bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off, which process is the finest part of the entire spectacle. Then come the horses into play. Horses! can these be horses that bound off with the action and gestures of leopards? What stir!—what sea-like ferment!—what a thundering of wheels!—what a trampling of hoofs!—what a sounding of trumpets! —what farewell cheers—what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail—"Liverpool for ever!"—with the name of the particular victory—"Badajoz for ever!" or "Salamanca for ever!" The half-slumbering consciousness that, all night long, and all the next day—perhaps for even a longer period—many of these mails, like fire racing along a train of gunpowder, will be kindling at every instant

new successions of burning joy, has an obscure effect of multiplying the victory itself, by multiplying to the imagination into infinity the stages of its progressive diffusion. A fiery arrow seems to be let loose, which from that moment is destined to travel, without intermission, westwards for three hundred miles—northwards for six hundred; and the sympathy of our Lombard Street friends at parting is exalted a hundredfold by a sort of visionary sympathy with the yet slumbering sympathies which in so vast a succession we are going to awake.

Liberated from the embarrassments of the city, and issuing into the broad uncrowded avenues of the northern suburbs, we soon begin to enter upon our natural pace of ten miles an hour. In the broad light of the summer evening, the sun, perhaps, only just at the point of setting, we are seen from every storey of every house. Heads of every age crowd to the windows—young and old understand the language of our victorious symbols—and rolling volleys of sympathising cheers run along us, behind us, and before us. The beggar, rearing himself against the wall, forgets his lameness—real or assumed—thinks not of his whining trade, but stands erect, with bold exulting smiles, as we pass him. The victory has healed him, and says, Be thou whole! Women and children, from garrets alike and cellars, through infinite London, look down or look up with loving eyes upon our gay ribbons and our martial laurels; sometimes kiss their hands; sometimes hang out, as signals of affection, pocket-handkerchiefs, aprons, dusters, any-

thing that, by catching the summer breezes, will express an aerial jubilation.

At some little town we changed horses an hour or two after midnight. Some fair or wake had kept the people out of their beds, and had occasioned a partial illumination of the stalls and booths, presenting an unusual but very impressive effect. We saw many lights moving about as we drew near; and perhaps the most striking scene on the whole route was our reception at this place. The flashing of torches and the beautiful radiance of blue lights (technically, Bengal lights) upon the heads of our horses; the fine effect of such a showery and ghostly illumination falling upon our flowers and glittering laurels; whilst all around ourselves, that formed a centre of light, the darkness gathered on the rear and flanks in massy blackness; these optical splendours, together with the prodigious enthusiasm of the people, composed a picture at once scenical and affecting, theatrical and holy.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

By Robert Browning (1812–1889)

Bells and Pomegranates, vii. 1845. Written in Florence.

I

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !

II

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

THE OLD COUNTRY HOUSE

By Fullerton L. Waldo

I have just spent some blessed hours in an old country house of England and been stirred to wonder as I walked among the roses, purple asters and sweet peas, or felt underfoot the close contexture of the dewy sod, or followed a natural pathway between the oaks and silver birches in the spinney. There indeed, as my host remarked, he who first placed the monarchs of the forest (while they were but princelings) planted not for his own day, selfishly, but for posterity. And here was an Elizabethan barn, with mossed and mouldering red or purplish tiles, axe-hewn timbers and hand-wrought iron cleats—fit house for a miracle-play, to which in the dusky interior its hanging platform, as for a devil's stage, invited.

Legend clustered thick round the bole of every great and gracious tree in the arbored grotto. The pink light on the Scotch firs in the rifted mist was not so lovely as the English girl who stood at a window—as though Franz Hals had painted her home—in the buff-tinted wall of the old rambling mansion.

And this, I said, is England. That girl, so playful now, who works in a bank long hours all the week, is England: those young men from the front who would die for her, and are dying for her, are England. You cannot defeat an England that has her richest treasure in precious wares like these.

CHRISTIANITY AN ADVENTURE

By the Rev. A. A. David, D.D.
Headmaster of Rugby

To a congregation of well-to-do folk came one day a young preacher, and began to set forth certain strong views about the faith of Christ. It was not, he contended, as many people supposed, a safe and comfortable creed. It cannot be reckoned on to secure a man against troubles. On the contrary, a Christian must be ready for more troubles and new troubles. Moreover, he must go out to meet them. "Take up thy cross," says his Master. He is not to wait till somebody else, or the force of circumstances, lays it on him. He must stoop down and himself lift it on to his own shoulders. It does not contribute, said the preacher, to success in life. The Christian must be willing to give up things which other men think they have a right to possess, and even suppose it a duty to themselves to cling to. He does so willingly, because he values these things less than other men. Like St. Paul he here discovered that some things which men count to be gain or profit ought really to be on the other side of the account, and entered in as loss. Thus the Christian is the more ready to run risks, and not always to take the safe course. For the life set before him, an infinitely hopeful life, is one of adventure rather than of safety. It has hazards

in it and real possibilities of failure. It has conflict in it and the certainty of wounds. It means giving up, not gain. It means sacrifice, not success.

Now, to some of his hearers this was a strange and repellent doctrine. It disturbed them. It even shocked them. A deputation came to him and protested. They desired that he would present to them some other and easier aspects of the subject. "That is not," they said, "what we have been taught about Christianity. It cannot be as bad as that."

Probably they were right. They had not been so taught. The gospel has been offered to a large number of people as a safe thing. One can see three reasons for that. Partly it is the survival of an old belief. A baron in the Middle Ages would give or leave wealth for sacred uses as a kind of insurance. It made him more secure. In the Day of Judgment God would not be hard on a friend of His Church! The belief sounds ludicrous when crudely stated, but the spirit within it has not yet wholly disappeared. Partly it is the result of the fact that Christianity has nominally become general. In order to be quite respectable it is usual in many circles to be a Christian. So the Christian religion has been, so to speak, appropriated by the successful. It is often regarded as an ornament of gentility. But chiefly it is the result of some false ideas about salvation, as if the followers of Christ are to be safe from risks, safe from failure.

Now, on the contrary, Jesus showed in Himself an habitual readiness to take risks. Did He not take

the greatest risk in all history when He trusted Himself to us men? For the moment we were not worthy of His confidence, and the venture failed. But that loss was gain. He lost His life but He is gaining the world. And in those days He lived among us dangerously. Once some of them of Jerusalem said, "Is not this He whom they seek to kill? And lo, he speaketh openly, and they say nothing unto him." And His friends followed that lead, and lookers-on knew who it was that had given it them. "When they saw the boldness of Peter and John they took knowledge that they had been with Jesus."

The curious thing is that already in our hearts we have given a place of high honour to this same scorn of consequence. And we have discovered that it lives in an immense number of Englishmen in whom we had not suspected it. This spirit of God is flashing out of quite ordinary men on all our battle-fronts. But we don't recognise at all clearly where it comes from, nor realise that what we admire in men who do heroic things, God has shown us in Himself.

An observant chaplain has written: "There has been in this war a wonderful display of the heroism of men. But their thoughts about God and religion are for the most part at a level below the highest in themselves. They have come to themselves in giving themselves away. But they think that religion is most concerned with self *saving*. They tend to recognise most easily the signs of God's favour in this or that instance of safety or escape."

A young officer was discussing the great things

with a comrade in rest-billets. His friend was more than doubtful. At last he said, "Do you think that if I go down now upon my knees and stay there till we start for the trenches again, I shall have a better chance of coming through than if I don't?" What a test to try "Jesus of the Scars"! What kind of call had that man ever heard? It must have been "Come and be a Christian because it is so good for you." It cannot have been "Come and help me in the greatest, the hardest, the hopefullest adventure in all history. Come, for I have need of you."

Why, when we are young, should religion so often seem intended mainly as a refuge for elderly people, who are tired and resigned and rather dull? How is it that so many have missed the ring of romance in it? Why has it failed to appeal to the natural love of adventure which belongs to all who are young in heart as well as to the young in years? We must rediscover the adventure of Christ; for nothing else draws the best of us, the best in all of us, so strongly. We must take risks, facing all kinds of odds against us with a joyful spirit, and prepared to find adventures in the dullest difficulties, the most commonplace work. For instance, a man finds himself entangled in troubles. There are obstacles in his path. It may be that other people have put them there because they are against him. It may be that he is himself the cause of them because he has been unwise or weak. In either case the dull thing to do about it is to be angry with the others for making his work difficult, or despondent about himself for having made mis-

takes. But the Christian thing to do is first to get the mastery over resentment and discouragement in order to be free to fight, and then to carry on in faith, which is the essential spirit of all adventure. That means that we must be sure at the time that in the great purpose of God difficulties exist to be overcome, and we exist to overcome them. So a man of courage may look back on troublous times, even on times of failure, and find with St. Paul that what he feared must mean loss has after all been gain.

We must take risks, but not like the gambler. What is it that makes gambling so degrading a thing? The man who bets lays his stake upon a hazard wholly, or almost wholly, out of his control. He delivers himself helpless into the power of blind and heartless chance. No man has a right to do that. No man would do it if he knew what he was doing. We are in the hands of God, not of fortune. To Him belong the issues of life and of death. But He has given us a share in turning them, and to take that share we must be bold, as He is; ready, if the hazard goes against us, to accept the loss of money, or comfort, or pride, the humiliation, the weariness, the wounds, as He did.

Great adventures are opening to-day before the Church of Christ. The adversaries of Selfishness and Lust and Ignorance are very strong. They must be fought not forbidden. Men must be roused to activity against them not because they break laws, even Divine Laws, but because they are poisonous and cruel, because they block Christ's way, and spoil His love, because not to fight them

is to reinforce their strength. They are open to attack, and against Christ's hosts on earth and His company in heaven they have no real chance.

If every branch of His Church on earth really believes that, it will gird itself now into fighting trim. It will get rid of hindrances and encumbrances of all kinds, especially that fundamental encumbrance of acquiescence in "what was after all good enough for our fathers." Would it have been good enough for our fathers if they had lived in our new world? It will mobilise all its vital power, so that every member shall contribute to the active life of the whole body. Above all it will make a bold revision of its appeal to men, or rather wake again an old one. All along the line from youth to age men must be drawn to Christ not by appeals to self-interest, which can easily be weakened by argument; not by threats or warnings, which draw nobody; but by the call of a new chivalry which goes straight to the best in every man.

Where shall we look more hopefully for men to hear such a call for Christ than among those who sprang to answer a similar appeal for King and Country, for righteousness and liberty, and in answering it have brought great heights of heroism again within the reach of men?

Shall the hosts of God show less heroism than the armies of men? Not if we dare to make the call to the one as heroic as that to the other.

PRAYERS FOR THE OLD COUNTRY

I

O God of our fathers, Lord God of Israel and of England, have mercy upon us. Thou hast given us the land on which we dwell, and we have called it our own, not confessed it to be Thine. We have not confessed that we are all citizens of the same land, bound to our forefathers, whose tombs are amongst us, bound to the children whom Thou wilt watch over as Thou hast watched over us. We have not reverenced our fathers and mothers as Thou hast bidden us reverence them. We have often fancied that we were honouring Thee in neglecting them. O God, for the sake of Thy dear Son, who hast taught us to call Thee Father, and has bound us together in one family, turn us from our evil ways. May Thy Spirit write this Commandment, that we should honour our fathers and mothers in our hearts. May He make this land very dear to us. May He make us ready to live and die that it may be a great and free land, worshipping Thee the true God, and not worshipping Mammon, the spirit of baseness and selfishness. We know that if we serve him, we shall be indifferent to our fathers and mothers, and perish off the land. But O, reform us, and restore us, and fill us with fear of Thee and trust in Thee, that we may honour those who have testified, and do testify, to us of Thee, of Thy enduring law, of Thy everlasting love. Amen.

Frederic Denison Maurice.

II

O God of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not Thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

From all that error teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort sinful men,
From sale and profanation
Of honour and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord!

Tie in a living tether
The prince and priest and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,
Smite us and save us all;
In ire and exultation
Aflame with faith and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to Thee.

G. K. C.

III

PRAYER FOR OUR HOMES

Look down in mercy on our homes, O Thou great Father of us all:
May Thy Holy Spirit guard them from evil:
May Thy Blessed Son be their Guest and their Comfort, giving peace of body, mind, and spirit to our dear ones:
And do Thou grant that we may meet again on earth and in Thy Home above,
For Christ our Saviour's sake. Amen.

K. J. S.

IV

O ETERNAL Lord, unchanging Love, who desirest
the best for all Thy children ;
Who hast given to every people its peculiar gift ;
Do Thou heal the world which our sin has marred :
Make of it a great commonwealth of Love and
Trust and Reverence.
Above the noise of battle may we hear Thy voice ;
More than life or country may we love Thy
Kingdom ;
In all that is lovely and pure may we see Thy
Presence.

Forgive our blindness, our ingratitude, our disobedi-
ence :
Break down the walls which shut us out from
Truth,
And lead us on into that Freedom which we can-
not find apart from Thee.
After travail do Thou grant us peace ; after sorrow
joy ; after labour rest.
Speak to our troubled minds and shew us Light :
Cleanse our bitter and sinful hearts with the fires
of Thy Love ;
Nerve our struggling wills and give them Life :
And in all things give us the mind of our Lord
and Master Christ. AMEN.

K. J. S.

V

A PRAYER BY NIGHT

GOD of our fathers, keep this land—
  Great towns and meadows green—
To-night from the destroying hand;
    From wreck, black hate and battle-rage,
    Make good our sea-born heritage
  Which from of old hath been.

Like pain that keeps us waking, we
  War's dreadfulness do know,—
And how remorseless death can be;
    While night and day our mothers mourn
    The son that went, not to return,
  The hard road soldiers go.

O Lord, had we but loved enough
  Our sea-girt land, in peace!—
It took a wind, averse and rough,
    To break a gap in the green boughs,
    And tell the strength of her old house,—
  Her ships upon the seas.

God save the land the ships sail by,
  The road her sons have trod,
Who for her sake went forth to die.
    Now, by their youth and martyrdom,—
    Her soul let live, Thy Kingdom come
  On earth this night, O God.

R.

THE DANCERS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

By Charles Dickens (1812–1870)

Once upon a time, it matters little when, and in stalwart England, it matters little where, a fierce battle was fought. It was fought upon a long summer day when the waving grass was green. Many a wild flower formed by the Almighty Hand to be a perfumed goblet for the dew, felt its enamelled cup filled high with blood that day, and shrinking dropped. Many an insect deriving its delicate colour from harmless leaves and herbs, was stained anew that day by dying men, and marked its frightened way with an unnatural track. The painted butterfly took blood into the air upon the edges of its wings. The stream ran red. The trodden ground became a quagmire, whence, from sullen pools collected in the prints of human feet and horses' hoofs, the one prevailing hue still lowered and glimmered at the sun.

Heaven keep us from a knowledge of the sights the moon beheld upon that field, when, coming up above the black line of distant rising-ground, softened and blurred at the edge by trees, she rose into the sky and looked upon the plain, strewn with upturned faces that had once at mothers' breasts sought mothers' eyes, or slumbered happily. Heaven

The Dancers on the Battle-field

The Great
Eagle Allahe

keep us from a knowledge of the secrets whispered afterwards upon the tainted wind that blew across the scene of that day's work and that night's death and suffering! Many a lonely moon was bright upon the battle-ground, and many a star kept mournful watch upon it, and many a wind from every quarter of the earth blew over it, before the traces of the fight were worn away.

They lurked and lingered for a long time, but survived in little things; for Nature, far above the evil passions of men, soon recovered Her serenity, and smiled upon the guilty battle-ground as she had done before, when it was innocent. The larks sang high above it; the swallows skimmed and dipped and flitted to and fro; the shadows of the flying clouds pursued each other swiftly, over grass and corn and turnip-field and wood, and over roof and church-spire in the nestling town among the trees, away into the bright distance on the borders of the sky and earth, where the red sunsets faded. Crops were sown, and grew up, and were gathered in; the stream that had been crimsoned, turned a water-mill; men whistled at the plough; gleaners and haymakers were seen in quiet groups at work; sheep and oxen pastured; boys whooped and called, in fields, to scare away the birds; smoke rose from cottage chimneys; sabbath bells rang peacefully; old people lived and died; the timid creatures of the field, and simple flowers of the bush and garden, grew and withered in their destined terms: and all upon the fierce and bloody battle-ground, where thousands upon thousands had been killed in the great fight.

But there were deep green patches in the growing corn at first, that people looked at awfully. Year after year they re-appeared; and it was known that underneath those fertile spots, heaps of men and horses lay buried, indiscriminately, enriching the ground. The husbandmen who ploughed those places, shrunk from the great worms abounding there; and the sheaves they yielded were, for many a long year, called the Battle Sheaves, and set apart; and no one ever knew a Battle Sheaf to be among the last load at a Harvest Home. For a long time, every furrow that was turned, revealed some fragments of the fight. For a long time, there were wounded trees upon the battle-ground; and scraps of hacked and broken fence and wall, where deadly struggles had been made; and trampled parts where not a leaf or blade would grow. For a long time, no village girl would dress her hair or bosom with the sweetest flower from that field of death: and after many a year had come and gone, the berries growing there were still believed to leave too deep a stain upon the hand that plucked them.

The Seasons in their course, however, though they passed as lightly as the summer clouds themselves, obliterated, in the lapse of time, even these remains of the old conflict; and wore away such legendary traces of it as the neighbouring people carried in their minds, until they dwindled into old wives' tales, dimly remembered round the winter fire, and waning every year. Where the wild flowers and berries had so long remained upon the stem untouched, gardens arose, and houses were

built, and children played at battles on the turf. The wounded trees had long ago made Christmas logs, and blazed and roared away. The deep green patches were no greener now than the memory of those who lay in dust below. The ploughshare still turned up from time to time some rusty bits of metal, but it was hard to say what use they had ever served, and those who found them wondered and disputed. An old dinted corselet, and a helmet, had been hanging in the church so long, that the same weak half-blind old man who tried in vain to make them out above the white-washed arch, had marvelled at them as a baby. If the host slain upon the field could have been for a moment reanimated in the forms in which they fell, each upon the spot that was the bed of his untimely death, gashed and ghastly soldiers would have stared in, hundreds deep, at household door and window; and would have risen on the hearths of quiet homes; and would have been the garnered store of barns and granaries; and would have started up between the cradled infant and its nurse; and would have floated with the stream, and whirled round on the mill, and crowded the orchard, and burdened the meadow, and piled the rickyard high with dying men. So altered was the battle-ground, where thousands upon thousands had been killed in the great fight.

Nowhere more altered, perhaps, about a hundred years ago, than in one little orchard attached to an old stone house with a honeysuckle porch; where, on a bright autumn morning, there were sounds of music and laughter, and where two girls danced

merrily together on the grass, while some half-dozen peasant women standing on ladders, gathering the apples from the trees, stopped in their work to look down, and share their enjoyment. It was a pleasant, lively, natural scene; a beautiful day, a retired spot; and the two girls, quite unconstrained and careless, danced in the freedom and gaiety of their hearts.

If there were no such thing as display in the world, my private opinion is, and I hope you agree with me, that we might get on a great deal better than we do, and might be infinitely more agreeable company than we are. It was charming to see how these girls danced. They had no spectators but the apple-pickers on the ladders. They were very glad to please them, but they danced to please themselves (or at least you would have supposed so); and you could no more help admiring, than they could help dancing. How they did dance!

Not like opera-dancers. Not at all. And not like Madame Anybody's finished pupils. Not the least. It was not quadrille dancing, nor minuet dancing, nor even country-dance dancing. It was neither in the old style, nor the new style, nor the French style, nor the English style: though it may have been, by accident, a trifle in the Spanish style, which is a free and joyous one, I am told, deriving a delightful air of off-hand inspiration, from the chirping little castanets. As they danced among the orchard trees, and down the groves of stems and back again, and twirled each other lightly round and round, the influence of their airy motion seemed to spread and spread, in the sun-lighted

scene, like an expanding circle in the water. Their streaming hair and fluttering skirts, the elastic grass beneath their feet, the boughs that rustled in the morning air—the flashing leaves, the speckled shadows on the soft green ground—the balmy wind that swept along the landscape, glad to turn the distant windmill, cheerily—everything between the two girls, and the man and team at plough upon the ridge of land, where they showed against the sky as if they were the last things in the world—seemed dancing too.

At last, the younger of the dancing sisters, out of breath, and laughing gaily, threw herself upon a bench to rest. The other leaned against a tree hard by. The music, a wandering harp and fiddle, left off with a flourish, as if it boasted of its freshness; though the truth is, it had gone at such a pace, and worked itself to such a pitch of competition with the dancing, that it never could have held on, half a minute longer. The apple-pickers on the ladders raised a hum and murmur of applause, and then, in keeping with the sound, bestirred themselves to work again like bees.

TO A FALSE PATRIOT

By Sir Owen Seaman

(By special permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*)

He came obedient to the Call ;
  He might have shirked like half his mates
Who, while their comrades fight and fall,
  Still go to swell the football gates.

And you a patriot in your prime,
  You waved a flag above his head,
And hoped he'd have a high old time,
  And slapped him on the back and said :—

"You'll show 'em what we British are !
  Give us your hand, old pal, to shake ; "
And took him round from bar to bar
  And made him drunk—for England's sake.

That's how you helped him. Yesterday,
  Clear-eyed and earnest, keen and hard,
He held himself the soldier's way—
  And now they've got him under guard.

That doesn't hurt you ; you're all right ;
  Your easy conscience takes no blame ;
But he, poor boy, with morning's light,
  He eats his heart out, sick with shame.

What's that to you? You understand
Nothing of all his bitter pain;
You have no regiment to brand;
You have no uniform to stain;

No vow of service to abuse,
No pledge to King and country due;
But he had something dear to lose,
And he has lost it—thanks to you.

November 4, 1914.

THIS BIT OF ENGLAND

By E. Vine Hall

If this bit of England be
Worthier because of me,
Stronger for the strength I bring,
Sweeter for the songs I sing,
Purer for the path I tread,
Lighter for the light I shed,
Richer for the gifts I give,
Happier because I live,
Nobler for the death I die:
Not in vain have I been I.

"They cannot do without *their comforts.*"

By William Hazlitt (1778–1830)

"St. George for merry England!"

This old-fashioned epithet might be supposed to have been bestowed ironically, or on the old principle—*Ut lucus a non lucendo.* Yet there is something in the sound that hits the fancy, and a sort of truth beyond appearances. To be sure, it is from a dull, homely ground that the gleams of mirth and jollity break out; but the streaks of light that tinge the evening sky are not the less striking on that account. The beams of the morning sun shining on the lonely glades, or through the idle branches of the tangled forest, the leisure, the freedom, "the pleasure of going and coming without knowing where," the troops of wild deer, the sports of the chase, and other rustic gambols, were sufficient to justify the well-known appellation of "Merry Sherwood," and in like manner, we may apply the phrase to *Merry England.* The smile is not the less sincere because it does not always play upon the cheek; and the jest is not

the less welcome, nor the laugh less hearty, because they happen to be a relief from care or leaden-eyed melancholy. The instances are the more precious as they are rare; and we look forward to them with the greater good will, or back upon them with the greater gratitude, as we drain the last drop in the cup with particular relish. If not always gay or in good spirits, we are glad when any occasion draws us out of our natural gloom, and disposed to make the most of it. We may say with *Silence* in the play, "I have been merry once ere now,"—and this once was to serve him all his life; for he was a person of wonderful silence and gravity, though "he chirped over his cups," and announced with characteristic glee that "there were pippins and cheese to come." *Silence* was in this sense a merry man, that is, he would be merry if he could, and a very great economy of wit, like very slender fare, was a banquet to him, from the simplicity of his taste and habits. "Continents," says Hobbes, "have most of what they contain"—and in this view it may be contended that the English are the merriest people in the world, since they only show it on high-days and holidays. They are then like a school-boy let loose from school, or like a dog that has slipped his collar. They are not gay like the French, who are one eternal smile of self-complacency, tortured into affectation, or spun into languid indifference, nor are they voluptuous and immersed in sensual indolence, like the Italians; but they have that sort of intermittent, fitful, irregular gaiety, which is neither worn out by habit, nor deadened by passion, but is sought

with avidity as it takes the mind by surprise, is startled by a sense of oddity and incongruity, indulges its wayward humours or lively impulses, with perfect freedom and lightness of heart, and seizes occasion by the forelock, that it may return to serious business with more cheerfulness, and have something to beguile the hours of thought or sadness. I do not see how there can be high spirits without low ones; and everything has its price according to circumstances. Perhaps we have to pay a heavier tax on pleasure, than some others: what skills it, so long as our good spirits and good hearts enable us to bear it?

"They" (the English), says Froissart, "amused themselves sadly after the fashion of their country" —*ils se rejouissoient tristement selon la coutume de leur pays*. They have indeed a way of their own. Their mirth is a relaxation from gravity, a challenge to dull care to be gone; and one is not always clear at first, whether the appeal is successful. The cloud may still hang on the brow; the ice may not thaw at once. To help them out in their new character is an act of charity. Any thing short of hanging or drowning is something to begin with. They do not enter into their amusements the less doggedly because they may plague others. They like a thing the better for hitting them a rap on the knuckles, for making their blood tingle. They do not dance or sing, but they make good cheer—"eat, drink, and are merry." No people are fonder of field-sports, Christmas gambols, or practical jests. Blindman's-buff, hunt-the-slipper, hot-cockles, and snap-dragon, are all approved English games, full of laughable surprises and "hair-breadth 'scapes,"

and serve to amuse the winter fire-side after the roast-beef and plum-pudding, the spiced ale and roasted crab, thrown (hissing-hot) into the foaming tankard. Punch (not the liquor, but the puppet) is not, I fear, of English origin; but there is no place, I take it, where he finds himself more at home or meets a more joyous welcome, where he collects greater crowds at the corners of streets, where he opens the eyes or distends the cheeks wider, or where the bangs and blows, the uncouth gestures, ridiculous anger and screaming voice of the chief performer excite more boundless merriment or louder bursts of laughter among all ranks and sorts of people. An English theatre is the very throne of pantomime; nor do I believe that the gallery and boxes of Drury-lane or Covent-garden filled on the proper occasions with holiday folks (big or little) yield the palm for undisguised, tumultuous, inextinguishable laughter to any spot in Europe. I do not speak of the refinement of the mirth (this is no fastidious speculation) but of its cordiality, on the return of these long-looked-for and licensed periods; and I may add here, by way of illustration, that the English common people are a sort of grown children, spoiled and sulky perhaps, but full of glee and merriment, when their attention is drawn off by some sudden and striking object. The May-pole is almost gone out of fashion among us: but May-day, besides its flowering hawthorns and its pearly dews, has still its boasted exhibition of painted chimney-sweepers and their Jack-'o-the-Green, whose tawdry finery, bedizened faces, unwonted gestures, and short-lived pleasures call forth good-humoured smiles and looks of sympathy in

the spectators. There is no place where trap-ball, fives, prison-base, foot-ball, quoits, bowls are better understood or more successfully practised; and the very names of a cricket bat and ball make English fingers tingle. What happy days must "Long Robinson" have passed in getting ready his wickets and mending his bats, who when two of the fingers of his right-hand were struck off by the violence of a ball, had a screw fastened to it to hold the bat, and with the other hand still sent the ball thundering against the boards that bounded *Old Lord's cricket-ground!* What delightful hours must have been his in looking forward to the matches that were to come, in recounting the feats he had performed in those that were past! I have myself whiled away whole mornings in seeing him strike the ball (like a countryman mowing with a scythe) to the farthest extremity of the smooth, level, sun-burnt ground, and with long, awkward strides count the notches that made victory sure! Then again, cudgel-playing, quarter-staff, bull and badger-baiting, cock-fighting are almost the peculiar diversions of this island, and often objected to us as barbarous and cruel; horse-racing is the delight and the ruin of numbers; and the noble science of boxing is all our own. Foreigners can scarcely understand how we can squeeze pleasure out of this pastime; the luxury of hard blows given or received; the joy of the ring; nor the perseverance of the combatants. The English also excel, or are not excelled in wiring a hare, in stalking a deer, in shooting, fishing, and hunting. England to this day boasts her Robin Hood and his merry men, that stout archer and outlaw, and patron-saint of the sporting-calendar.

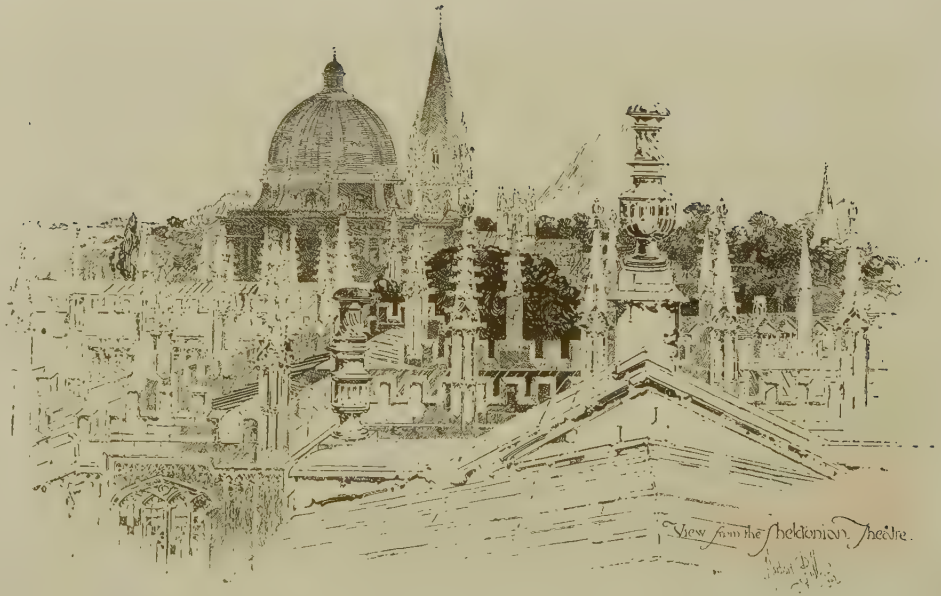
What a cheerful sound is that of the hunters, issuing from the autumnal wood and sweeping over hill and dale!

—— "A cry more tuneable,
Was never halloo'd to by hound or horn."

What sparkling richness in the scarlet coats of the riders, what a glittering confusion in the pack, what spirit in the horses, what eagerness in the followers on foot, as they disperse over the plain, or force their way over hedge and ditch! Surely, the coloured prints and pictures of these, hung up in gentlemen's halls and village alehouses, however humble as works of art, have more life and health and spirit in them, and mark the pith and nerve of the national character more creditably than the mawkish, sentimental, affected designs of Theseus and Pirithous, and Æneas and Dido, pasted on foreign *salons à manger*, and the interior of country-houses. If our tastes are not epic, nor our pretentions lofty, they are simple and our own; and we may possibly enjoy our native rural sports, and the rude remembrances of them, with the truer relish on this account, that they are suited to us and we to them. The English nation, too, are naturally "brothers of the angle." This pursuit implies just that mixture of patience and pastime, of vacancy and thoughtfulness, of idleness and business, of pleasure and of pain, which is suited to the genius of an Englishman, and, as I suspect, of no one else in the same degree. He is eminently gifted to stand in the situation assigned by Dr. Johnson to the angler, "at one end of a rod with a worm at the other." I should suppose no language can show such a book as an often-mentioned one, "Walton's Complete Angler,"—so full of *naïveté*,

of unaffected sprightliness, of busy trifling, of dainty songs, of refreshing brooks, of shady arbours, of happy thoughts and of the herb called *Heart's Ease!* Some persons can see neither the wit nor wisdom of this genuine volume, as if a book as well as a man might not have a personal character belonging to it, amiable, venerable from the spirit of joy and thorough goodness it manifests, independently of acute remarks or scientific discoveries: others object to the cruelty of Walton's theory and practice of trout-fishing—for my part, I should as soon charge an infant with cruelty for killing a fly, and I feel the same sort of pleasure in reading his book as I should have done in the company of this happy, child-like old man, watching his ruddy cheek, his laughing eye, the kindness of his heart, and the dexterity of his hand in seizing his finny prey! It must be confessed, there is often an odd sort of *materiality* in English sports and recreations. I have known several persons, whose existence consisted wholly in manual exercises, and all whose enjoyments lay at their finger-ends. Their greatest happiness was in cutting a stick, in mending a cabbage-net, in digging a hole in the ground, in hitting a mark, turning a lathe, or in something else of the same kind, at which they had a certain *knack*. Well is it when we can amuse ourselves with such trifles and without injury to others! This class of character, which the Spectator has immortalised in the person of Will Wimble, is still common among younger brothers and gentlemen of retired incomes in town or country. The *Cockney* character is of our English growth, as this intimates

THE TRANTER'S CART:
An Autumn Evening in Berkshire



View from the Sheldonian Theatre.

a feverish fidgety delight in rural sights and sounds, and a longing wish, after the turmoil and confinement of a city-life, to transport one's-self to the freedom and breathing sweetness of a country retreat. London is half suburbs. The suburbs of Paris are a desert, and you see nothing but crazy wind-mills, stone-walls, and a few straggling visitants in spots where in England you would find a thousand villas, a thousand terraces crowned with their own delights, or be stunned with the noise of bowling-greens and tea-gardens, or stifled with the fumes of tobacco mingling with fragrant shrubs, or the clouds of dust raised by half the population of the metropolis panting and toiling in search of a mouthful of fresh air. The Parisian is, perhaps, as well (or better) contented with himself wherever he is, stewed in his shop or his garret; the Londoner is miserable in these circumstances, and glad to escape from them. Let no one object to the gloomy appearance of a London Sunday, compared with a Parisian one. It is a part of our politics and our religion: we would not have James the First's "Book of Sports" thrust down our throats: and besides, it is a part of our character to do one thing at a time, and not to be dancing a jig and on our knees in the same breath. It is true the Englishman spends his Sunday evening at the ale-house—

> ——"And e'en on Sunday
> Drank with Kirton Jean till Monday"—

but he only unbends and waxes mellow by degrees, and sits soaking till he can neither sit, stand, nor go: it is his vice, and a beastly one it is, but not a proof of any inherent distaste to mirth or good-fellowship.

The *comfort*, on which the English lay so much stress, is of the same character, and arises from the same source as their mirth. Both exist by contrast and a sort of contradiction. The English are certainly the most uncomfortable of all people in themselves, and therefore it is that they stand in need of every kind of comfort and accommodation. The least thing puts them out of their way, and therefore every thing must be in its place. They are mightily offended at disagreeable tastes and smells, and therefore they exact the utmost neatness and nicety. They are sensible of heat and cold, and therefore they cannot exist, unless every thing is snug and warm, or else open and airy, where they are. They must have "all appliances and means to boot." They are afraid of interruption and intrusion, and therefore they shut themselves up in in-door enjoyments and by their own firesides. It is not that they require luxuries (for that implies a high degree of epicurean indulgence and gratification), but they cannot do without *their comforts;* that is, whatever tends to supply their physical wants, and ward off physical pain and annoyance. As they have not a fund of animal spirits and enjoyments in themselves, they cling to external objects for support, and derive solid satisfaction from the ideas of order, cleanliness, plenty, property, and domestic quiet, as they seek for diversion from odd accidents and grotesque surprises, and have the highest possible relish not of voluptuous softness, but of hard knocks and dry blows, as one means of ascertaining their personal identity.

THE SOUTH COUNTRY

By Hilaire Belloc

When I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening:
My work is left behind;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea;
And it's there walking in the high woods
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
I saw them for a day:
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
Their skies are fast and grey;
From their castle-walls a man may see
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England
They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
Like aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the Rocks,
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country
Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes

Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies ;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air ;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend :
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will there be to comfort me
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY
AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(From *The Spectator*, 1711–1714)

Upon our going to it, after having cast his Eye upon the Coach Wheels, he asked the Coachman if his Axle-tree was good; upon the Fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest Man, and went in without further Ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger popping out his Head, called the Coachman down from his Box, and upon his presenting himself at the Window, asked him if he smoaked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the Way at any good Tobacconist's, and take in a Roll of their best *Virginia*. Nothing material happen'd in the remaining Part of our Journey, till we were set down at the West-End of the *Abbey*.

As we went up the Body of the Church, the Knight pointed at the Trophies upon one of the new Monuments, and cry'd out, A brave Man I warrant him. Passing afterwards by Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, he flung his Hand that Way, and cry'd, Sir *Cloudsly Shovel!* a very gallant Man! As we stood before *Busby's* Tomb, the Knight utter'd himself again after the same Manner, Dr. *Busby*, a great Man, he whipp'd my Grandfather, a very great Man. I should have gone to him my self, if I had not been a Blockhead, a very great Man!

We were immediately conducted into the little Chappel on the Right Hand. Sir Roger planting himself at our Historian's Elbow, was very attentive

to every Thing he said, particularly to the Account he gave us of the Lord who had cut off the King of *Morocco's* Head. Among several other Figures, he was very well pleased to see the Statesman *Cecil* upon his Knees; and, concluding them all to be great Men, was conducted to the Figure which represents that Martyr to good Housewifry, who died by the Prick of a Needle. Upon our Interpreter's telling us, that she was a Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, the Knight was very inquisitive into her Name and Family, and, after having regarded her Finger for some Time, I wonder, says he, that Sir *Richard Baker* has said Nothing of her in his Chronicle.

We were then convey'd to the two Coronation Chairs, where my old Friend, after having heard that the Stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's Pillar*, sat himself down in the Chair, and looking like the Figure of an old *Gothic* King, asked our Interpreter, What Authority they had to say, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland?* The Fellow, instead of returning him an Answer, told him, that he hoped his Honour would pay his Forfeit. I could observe Sir ROGER a little ruffled upon being thus trapanned; but our Guide not insisting upon his Demand, the Knight soon recovered his good Humour, and whispered in my Ear, that if WILL WIMBLE were with us, and saw those two Chairs, it would go hard but he would get a Tobacco-Stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir ROGER, in the next Place, laid his Hand upon *Edward* III's Sword, and leaning upon the Pommel

of it, gave us the whole History of the *Black Prince*; concluding, that in Sir *Richard Baker's* Opinion, *Edward* the Third was one of the greatest Princes that ever sate upon the *English* Throne.

We were then shewn *Edward* the Confessor's Tomb; upon which Sir ROGER acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the Evil; and afterwards *Henry* the Fourth's, upon which he shook his Head, and told us, there was fine Reading in the Casualties of that Reign.

Our Conductor then pointed to that Monument, where there is the Figure of one of our *English* Kings without an Head; and upon giving us to know, that the Head, which was of beaten Silver, had been stolen away several Years since: Some Whig, I warrant you, says Sir ROGER; You ought to lock up your Kings better: They will carry off the Body too, if you don't take Care.

The glorious Names of *Henry* the Fifth and Queen *Elizabeth* gave the Knight great Opportunities of shining, and of doing Justice to Sir *Richard Baker*, who, as our Knight observed with some Surprize, had a great many Kings in him, whose Monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own Part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight shew such an honest Passion for the Glory of his Country, and such a respectful Gratitude to the Memory of its Princes.

I must not omit, that the Benevolence of my good old Friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our Interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary Man; for which Reason he shook him by

the Hand at Parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his Lodgings in *Norfolk-Buildings*, and talk over these Matters with him more at Leisure.

THE DEATH OF SIR ROGER

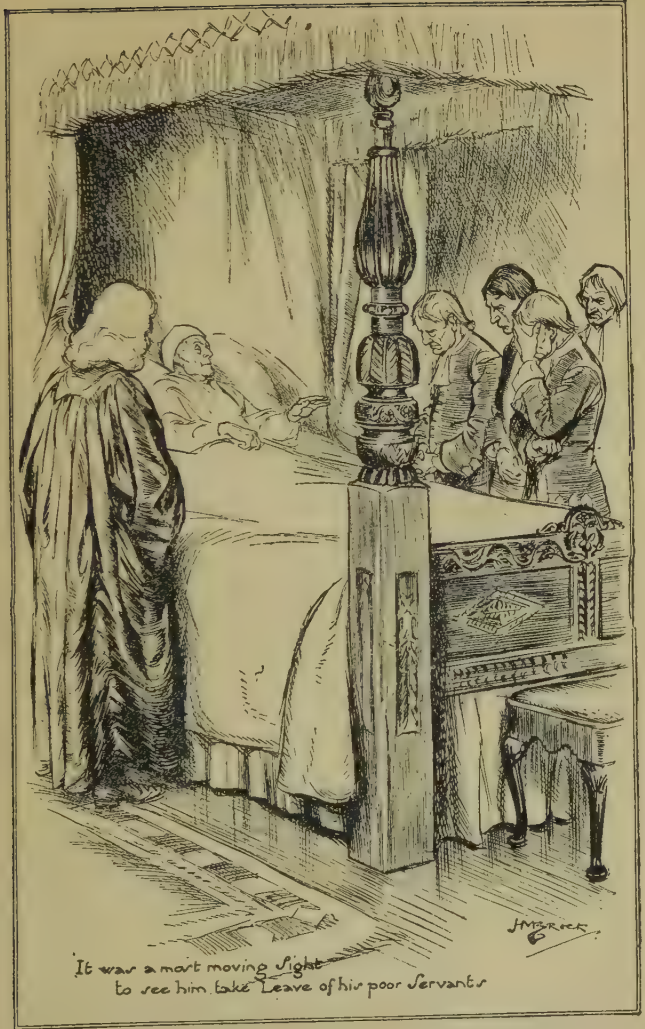
We last Night received a Piece of ill News at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in Suspense, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY *is dead*. He departed this Life at his House in the Country, after a few Weeks' Sickness. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his Correspondents in those Parts, that informs him the old Man caught a Cold at the County Sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his Wishes. But this Particular comes from a Whig-Justice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER's Enemy and Antagonist. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain *Sentry* which mention Nothing of it, but are filled with many Particulars to the Honour of the good old Man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much Care of me last Summer when I was at the Knight's House. As my Friend the Butler mentions, in the Simplicity of his Heart, several Circumstances the others have passed over in Silence, I shall give my Reader a Copy of his Letter, without any Alteration or Diminution.

"*Honoured Sir*,

"Knowing that you was my old Master's good

Friend, I could not forebear sending you the melancholy News of his Death, which has afflicted the whole Country, as well as his poor Servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his Death the last County Sessions, where he would go to see Justice done to a poor Widow Woman, and her Fatherless Children that had been wronged by a Neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good Master was always the poor Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the first Complaint he made was, that he had lost his Roast-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a Sirloin, which was served up according to Custom; and you know he used to take great Delight in it. From that Time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good Heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great Hope of his Recovery, upon a kind Message that was sent him from the Widow Lady whom he had made Love to the forty last Years of his Life; but this only proved a Light'ning before Death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as a Token of his Love, a great Pearl Necklace, and a Couple of Silver Bracelets set with Jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his Mother; He has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his Books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty Tenement with good Lands about it. It being a very cold Day when he made his Will, he left for Mourning, to every Man in the Parish, a great Frize Coat, and to every Woman a black

Riding-hood. It was a most moving Sight to see him take Leave of his poor Servants, commending us all for our Fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a Word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our Dear Master's Service, he has left us Pensions and Legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining Part of our Days. He has bequeathed a great Deal more in Charity, which is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the Parish, that he has left Money to build a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to say some Time ago, that if he lived two Years longer *Coverly* Church should have a Steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every Body that he made a very good End, and never speaks of him without Tears. He was buried, according to his own Directions, among the Family of the *Coverlys*, on the left Hand of his Father Sir *Arthur*. The Coffin was carried by Six of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by Six of the *Quorum:* The whole Parish followed the Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning-Suits, the Men in Frize, and the Women in Riding-hoods. Captain *Sentry*, my Master's Nephew, has taken Possession of the Hall-House, and the whole Estate. When my old Master saw him a little before his Death, he shook him by the Hand, and wished him Joy of the Estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good Use of it, and to pay the several Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quit-rents upon the Estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous Man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom



It war a mart moving sight
to see him take Leave of his poor Servants

my Master loved, and shews great Kindness to the old House-dog, that you know my poor Master was so fond of. It wou'd have gone to your Heart to have heard the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day of my Master's Death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever happened in *Worcestershire*. This being all from,

"*Honoured Sir*,

"*Your most sorrowful Servant*,

"Edward Biscuit.

"*P.S.* My Master desired, some Weeks before he died, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier should be given to Sir *Andrew Freeport*, in his Name."

This Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler's Manner of Writing it, gave us such an Idea of our good old Friend, that upon the Reading of it there was not a dry Eye in the Club. Sir *Andrew* opening the Book found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in Particular the Act of Uniformity, with some Passages in it marked by Sir *Roger's* own Hand. Sir *Andrew* found that they related to two or three Points, which he had disputed with Sir *Roger* the last Time he appeared at the Club. Sir *Andrew*, who would have been merry at such an Incident on another Occasion, at the Sight of the Old Man's Handwriting burst into Tears, and put the Book into his Pocket. Captain *Sentry* informs me, that the Knight has left Rings and Mourning for every one in the Club.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON ON SOME PASSAGES OF EDMUND BURKE

THERE is no man anywhere to be found in the annals of Parliament who seems more thoroughly to belong to England than does Edmund Burke, indubitable Irishman though he was. His words ring out the authentic voice of the best political thought of the English race:—

"If any man ask me what a free government is, I answer, that, for any practical purpose, it is what the people think so,—and that they, and not I, are the natural, lawful, and competent judges of the matter." . . .

"Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty adheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favourite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness." . . .

"My hold on the colonies, is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are the ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government,—they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it once be

understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another, that these two things may exist without any mutual relation,—and the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened, and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. So long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign power of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you." . . .

"We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition ; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery." . . .

Does not your blood stir at these passages ? And is it not because, besides loving what is nobly written, you feel that every word strikes towards the heart of the things that have made your blood what it has proved to be in the history of our race.

THE HEAVENLY ARSENAL

By F. J. Chamberlain

We are strange folk, we English, and in normal life the things that are closest to our lives are the things on which we are eloquently silent. Talk to a Devonshire man in Devonshire about the beauties of his county, and he answers in monosyllables. Dine with the Devonians in London or New York or Sydney, and you will hear men who have been exiles for years, with loosened tongues, giving vent to their pride of county in a way that warms your heart and kindles your imagination. And what is true of Devonshiremen is true of men from every one of England's forty shires. At home we live in easy familiarity with our country. We love its hills and valleys, its forests and its plains. We are intimate with it all, and we do not talk much about it.

But as distance separates us from home we find our hearts and our tongues. Contrasted with the wonders of the great city—or the New World—the sea-shore, the old grey towns, the moorlands and the quiet villages nestling in the hills at home have a beauty unique to us, and we realise them as an unforgettable memory. Even in the far places it clings to the Englishman, and is passed on to his children. We have come across boys who were

born in New Zealand and Australia who welcomed the call to war because it gave them the chance of coming—"Home." There is a deep significance, a divine instinct, in that.

Millions of our men have crossed the silver streak that separates us from the rest of Europe. Millions have come *to know* how much they love their Native Land. The word "England" rings in the ears of Young England with a new meaning. And it is more than love of native soil. It has in it all that is included in that hackneyed word "Patriotism" and in that beautiful word "Loyalty."

To-day we remember with humble pride those who helped to make our glorious past, and that past sounds no more insistent note to us than that we should carry on the great tradition. The Empire at its utmost circumference beats true to its mother story. New England is creating its own ideas, but they are built on the old foundation.

If yesterday demands so much from us, how much more does to-day urge its claim? England must be worthy of this generation. Every little cross in Flanders, in France, in Gallipoli, in Mesopotamia and Egypt that marks the grave of one of us, every sailor's sleeping place in the great deep has its silent appeal. Still fuller is the urge that comes from the living hosts who represent England on the battle fronts, and from those boys whom we have arrested as they stepped out into life and turned into the great training camps at home.

We owe it to them to make England in coming times of peace a lasting expression of those fundamental principles for which the great sacrifice has

been offered. Our moral forces must be mobilised. The Churches must be seen as the Church. That does not involve fusion. The great denominations have each their own history, testimony and witness to bear. There are great differences that no amount of soft speaking can gloss over. As well expect the "Buffs" and the "Black Watch" to unite as at the present moment the separate denominations. But that fact need not prevent the regiments of the Army of Christ from marching together as a Grand Army in a great advance against a well-organised and united enemy, or from acting in full fellowship in bringing the Kingdom of God to pass on earth.

The war has arrested the work of the large majority of social enterprises. Those that survive and are progressive to-day are those that were able to adapt their machinery and methods most readily to the changing conditions. What is needed now is a real fellowship of social servants of the nation expressing itself in corporate activity. The Church is the birthplace of social enthusiasms,—has not the day come when she can rally the forces making for righteousness into one whole, presenting herself to the world as the inspiration, the unifying factor, and the arsenal of those who in redemptive work serve the Commonwealth?

Here, we are convinced that for this generation the Red Triangle can greatly serve Church and people. For three years it has been fortunately placed—the expression in a striking degree of the passionate desire of people of all denominations and every grade for the well-being of our fighting men

in both services. These years have demonstrated the possibility of united and co-ordinated efforts on the grand scale. The Red Triangle has become in the minds of many thousands a sign of new endeavour. Its guild is in closest affiance to the Christian Churches. It is no separatist community. Its war service epitomises in a remarkable way the nation's social life. Religion, moral and physical welfare, culture, have their place in the programme. Its outlook is imperial, its service co-extensive with the nation.

Now is the accepted hour. Peace will bring the nation together. The men and women who have weathered the storm of war will present a problem for the saint, the statesman, the student and the worker, which can only be dealt with in fellowship. Let us continue that kinship in service that has characterised the nation at war.

There are certain organisations that have represented the Churches in their association. It would be invidious to name them each and all; but the list could be easily compiled, and it would be found that each did its indispensable service. Behind them all lie ideas that have proved their worth. They are ours in trust for the benefit of our day. Each has had its sphere and proved its worth; each can be related to the whole Church. A clearing-house is needed where the interests can be united, protected, exploited and extended, and made to serve the whole. They are too good to be allowed to disappear in the welter of social upheaval.

They have fought a good fight, but we believe none of them has finished its course. The appeal

is to the Church to bring the glow of her life and power with all her earnestness into their activity; to give national expression to her own life in and through them; to stand behind them with everything she is and has, showing that in Jesus Christ the fellowship of those who differ can be made perfect. Thus she will hold our social movements true to the religion of England, and destroy for ever the charge that her life was something aloof from the swelling tide of human life.

As the war draws to a close the Y.M.C.A. remains at the service of the Church and the nation. It is ready to find its life by losing it in the larger issues. Will the Church accept its offer on the altar of consecration—"For England"?

SONGS

By Sir Rabindranath Tagore

I

Where is heaven? you ask me, my child.
The sages tell us it is beyond the limits of birth and death,
Unswayed by the rhythm of day and night;
It is not of this earth.

But your poet knows that its eternal hunger is for time and space,
And it strives evermore to be born in the fruitful dust.
Heaven is fulfilled in your sweet body, my child, in your palpitating heart.

The sea is beating its drums in joy, the flowers are a-tiptoe to kiss you.
For heaven is born in you in the arms of the mother dust.

. . . . . .

It was only the budding of leaves in the summer, the summer that came into the garden by the sea.
It was only a stir and rustle in the south wind, a few lazy snatches of songs, and then the day was done.

But let there be flowering of love in the summer to come at the garden by the sea.
Let my joy take its birth and clap its hands and dance with the surging songs,
And make the morning open its eyes wide in sweet surprise.

II

Time after time I came to your gate with raised
hands asking for more and yet more.
You gave and gave, now in slow measure, now in
sudden excess.
I took some and some I let drop; some lay heavy
on my hands; some I made into playthings
And broke them when tired; till the wrecks and
the hoard of your gifts grew immense,
Hiding you, and the ceaseless expectation wore my
heart out.

"Take, O take"—has now become my cry.
Shatter this beggar's bowl; put out this
lamp of the
Importunate watcher; hold my hands; raise me
from the still gathering heaps of your gifts
Into the bare infinity of your uncrowded presence.

. . . . . .

You knew not yourself when you dwelt alone and
there was no cry of an errand in the wind
running
From the hither to the farther shore.
I came and your heart heaved; pain came to you and
joy; you touched me and tingled into love.
But in my eyes there is a film of shame and in my
heart a flicker of fear; my face is veiled and
I weep when I cannot see you; yet I know the
endless thirst in your heart for the sight of
me.
The thirst that cries at my door in the repeated
knockings of sunrise.

. . . . . .

Where roads are made I lose my way.
In the wide water, and in the blue sky there is no line of track.
The news of the path is hidden in the birds' wings, in the star fires,
In the flowers of the wayfaring seasons,
And I ask my heart if it carries in its blood the wisdom of the unseen way?

III

You did not know your self when you dwelt alone, and there was no
Cry of errand in the wind running from the hither to the farther shore.
I came and you woke, and the skies blossomed with lights.
You opened me in many flowers; rocked me in the cradles of many forms;
Scattered me in stars and gathered me again; hid me and found me back in life.

I came and your heart heaved; pain came to you, and came the dancing flame of joy.
You touched me and found your own touch.

There is a film of shame in my eyes and in my breast a flicker of fear.
My face is veiled, and I weep when I cannot see you.
But I know the endless thirst in your heart for the sight of me,
The thirst that cries in the returning sunrises of ages.

IV

What shall be my gift of the dawn, my love?
My song of the morning star?
But the morning faints in the sun like a flower with its petals of songs.

What will you take from me when the day fades, my love?
My lamp of the evening?
But its frail light is for the niche of the corner,
The timid flame flutters at the breath of the road.

But come to my garden walk, my love!
Pass by the fervid flowers that press themselves to your eyes,
Stopping at some chance joy that like a sudden wonder of a sunset illumines yet eludes.

For love's gift is shy, it never tells its name.
It flits across the shade spreading a shiver of joy along the dust.
Overtake it, or miss it for ever.
But the gift that can be given and grasped is a mere nothing,
A mere song or a flower.

V

Are you a mere picture? not true as those stars, thrown up by the swell of the dark
And sucked and sunk into the abyss of light?
True as this dust, now gay with the green and gold, now bare in the sun-burnt brown?

They throb with the pulse of things and are true,
You are immensely aloof in your stillness, O painted form!

The day was when you walked with me,
Your breath warm, your limbs singing of life.
The world smiled to me in your smile and spoke to me in your voice,
When suddenly you stopped in your walk in the shadow side of the For-ever,
And I went on alone.

The sky is crowded with the ceaseless pageantry of light;
The silent swarm of flowers pass by the wayside;
Life, like a child, laughs, shaking its rattle of death as it runs;
The road beckons me on, I follow the unseen;
But you stand there where you stopped behind the dust and the stars;
And you are a mere picture.

No, it cannot be!
You have not waned into the thin stagnation of lives.
Had the life flood utterly stopped in you
It would stop the river in its flow and the footfall of dawn in her cadence of colours.
Had the glimmering dusk of your hair vanished in the endless dark
The woodland shade of summer would die with its dreams.

VI

To the birds you gave songs, the birds give you songs in return.
You gave me voice asking for more, and I sing.

You made your winds light and they are fleet in their service.
But my hands you burdened for me to lighten them day by day, till at last, I bring unfettered freedom for your service.

You created your Earth filling its shadows with fragments of light.
You left me empty-handed on the dust to create your heaven.

To all else you give ; from me you ask.
The harvest of my life ripens in the sun and the shower till you reap more than you sowed, glad Reaper !

The boisterous spring, who once came into my life with his lavish laughter,
Burdening his hours with improvident roses, setting skies aflame with
The red kisses of new-born leaves, now comes stealing into my loneliness
And sits still in the balcony gazing across the fields where the earth's green
Swoons exhausted in the utter paleness of the sky.

A GLIMPSE OF INDIA

By Kenneth J. Saunders

It was a chill March day in Northern France. Round the hut-stove, the only warm place in the camp, a motley company of Indians was gathered; they were listening spell-bound as the old gramaphone wheezed out its sad familiar Indian songs, or told again the undying story of Harischandra, or of the loves of Rama and Sita. Side by side sat the proud Sikh, whom the sound had drawn from the "wet canteen," and the Jat, obstinate and rather slow-witted, but fearless and eager in fight. Behind them, good-humouredly putting up with the big Sikh's back view, squatted a little Gourkha, five feet high and five feet broad. To-morrow he would wipe out old scores on the football field, and for the present he was content to puff an occasional cloud of smoke from the fiftieth cigarette at the haughty one's back hair, so sleekly oiled and coiled beneath his turban; whereat Gulkham the Pathan, who secretly despised them both as members of an unclean faith, chuckled and took another pull at his *huka*. There were occasional comic interludes in the music also, and sometimes when it was a Nautch song there were some broadly humorous comments: "Now, by the Prophet, I wish I were in the bazaar at Rawal Pindi," chuckled Gulkham.

"Ji Ji," grinned Bhawan Singh, with an obscene reference to Krishna and his amours. But the old gramophone returned again to India in its more pleasing aspects, and as they sat in the flickering light I watched them as the music wrought its spell and their faces grew tender and solemn.

Sundar Singh, oblivious of the offensive fumes around him, was far away by the well-side in his father's village; it was the hour of "cowdust," the hour of golden haze as the cattle came back from the pasture, and the dusty air is rosy with the light of sunset. His little son was astride on his shoulder, and the village crowded round to hear his tales of the great War. "*Shabash!*" (Bravo!) they grunted at each anecdote of endurance or gallantry. "Oh, Brothers! those were great days. Nevertheless it was a war not of *bahaduri* (bravery) but of machines; and our *Sahib log* were not prepared. Yet afterwards they outdid the enemy, both with big guns and in the air."

So the talk would drift on, till some favourite story-teller would tell of the old yet ever new flight of Hanuman as he carried off Sita across the sea, and of how they, too, of old time could fly; for all knowledge and all science is of the ancient days, and the inventions of to-day are but the remembering of forgotten skill. . . .

Gulkham, too, I watched as his eyes grew fierce; he was journeying in thought to the little hill village where his cousin had spread a false tale of his death in battle and had usurped his land. But for the Christian Sahib who was his friend all through these dark days, the knave would still be enjoying his ill-

gotten gains ; but now by the grace of Allah, and by the help of his friend, the usurper was cast out ; one day he would return, and then . . . What limits are there to a Pathan's anger ?

And Bhawan Singha the Gourkha ? He was usually content to live in the present ; had he not a bottle of beer and a tin of fish stowed away in his tent, and was there not football and smoking ? Yet I saw him finger his *chhoti*, or top-knot, which I had by accident cut off last month—being a sorry hand at barbering—and he was wondering if it would grow long and straight again before his wife saw him. For by it he must be drawn up to heaven at his death, and he who would gladly face the German guns wept at the thought of ridicule in his native village.

Narayandas the Brahmin was looking sad ; he had repeatedly broken caste not only in crossing the black water (for that the gods forgive in times of war) but deliberately. Only to-day he had drunk water from the same cup as the Christian Sahib in token of undying friendship. And now the old songs of his people had awakened old loyalties, and he was away by the banks of the Ganges, Mother of rivers, waiting his turn to bathe and be clean. . . .

I passed out from one hut to another, and in the next I saw a great concourse of bearded Sikhs. They had borrowed it for a religious service of prayer and praise, and it had ended on a note of sorrow. For the Padre Sahib, who was their barber, their letter-writer and their friend in all the small needs and some of the big ones of camp life, had

been invited to talk to them upon the sins of the flesh and upon drink. He had not minced his words, and now the great concourse was cut to the heart. "You may go to Benares or to Hardwar," he said, quoting an Indian proverb; "but there remains the burden of sin." And they had shaken their heads in appreciation. Then one by one these great bearded fighters, many of whom had won the Military Cross, and one the Victoria Cross, stood up, and, like little children, confessed their sins; then very meekly they accepted the penances laid upon them and went out in silence.

. . . . . .

It was two years later. Some of these my friends were dead; Bhawan Singh was a prisoner in Germany, and the Jat had returned blinded, and was even now being taught to read by a missionary amongst his own people. But some had seen their dreams fulfilled, and amongst them Narayandas the Brahmin. It was the time of the great Kumbh Mela at Hardwar. With half a million others he stood awaiting his turn, his old father leaning upon his arm, and his wife and mother urging him on as the great crowd swayed and eddied around him, struggling towards the holy waters of the Ganges. Here were "holy men" in all stages of nakedness and self-torture; here beggars held out their hideous deformities with cries for alms; and here on one side sat the women patiently guarding the clothes of their men folk as they struggled towards the waters. For here the Ganges pours out from a gorge in the mountains, and here is the holy footprint of Hari.

At last Narayandas and his father were on the steep slimy steps, worn by innumerable pilgrim feet; soon he would be in the shining waters, and his purification would be accomplished. But as the crowd surged round them his father slipped, and they closed over him. "By the footprint of Hari," he gasped, "make way, O Brothers!" but the crowd surged on, and the old man was trampled and broken under their feet.

But there was help at hand; a wedge of students wearing the Red Cross came quietly through the mass, and soon the old man, groaning feebly, was being carried shoulder high, yet very tenderly, to the hospital. His son followed sadly behind; he had lost his chance of purification, and the old man would probably die. "And how is Narayandas?" said a quiet familiar voice. "It was in Vilayat that we last met." "Now, by the gods, it is you, Doctor Sahib," cried the Brahmin, and there was a silent strong handshake as these old friends met with tears in their eyes.

As he watched the skill and love with which the broken ribs and bruised thighs of the old man were bound up the Brahmin fell into a deep reverie.

Here was the same service, the same hand ever ready to help which he had learned to love in France; the same kindly voice that had lectured to him on the war, and had taught him French, and had helped him to bargain in the shops, was now saying words of cheer and comfort, and still there was the same quiet joy in those kindly eyes. What was the secret?

Was it exhaustion or the trick of an exhausted

imagination? Suddenly amidst the fakirs he saw One standing, tender and majestic, who seemed to yearn over those great restless crowds, and to be inviting them to come where they should find refreshment, cleansing and peace.

. . . . . .

That night he and the doctor were sitting by the bedside of his father, and late into the night they talked until the mist fell from his eyes, and he rose knowing in his heart that peace and cleansing cannot come except from within, and there began to enter into his heart a calm and a joy which the sacred waters of Mother Ganga could never give. . . .

Another glimpse I saw of the fruits of Christian friendship. For when Gulkham returned with murder in his heart to his native village, he found haunting words ringing in his ears which paralysed his strong right arm: "To forgive is better than to punish;" and he thought of the Padre Sahib, and set out to find him in his distant village, to tell him that though they followed different faiths yet the law of forgiveness had triumphed in his heart. Thus he was fool enough to let his cousin off, until Allah should punish him, or till another occasion should arise for fulfilling the vow he had made on the battlefields of Flanders!

THE GIFT OF INDIA

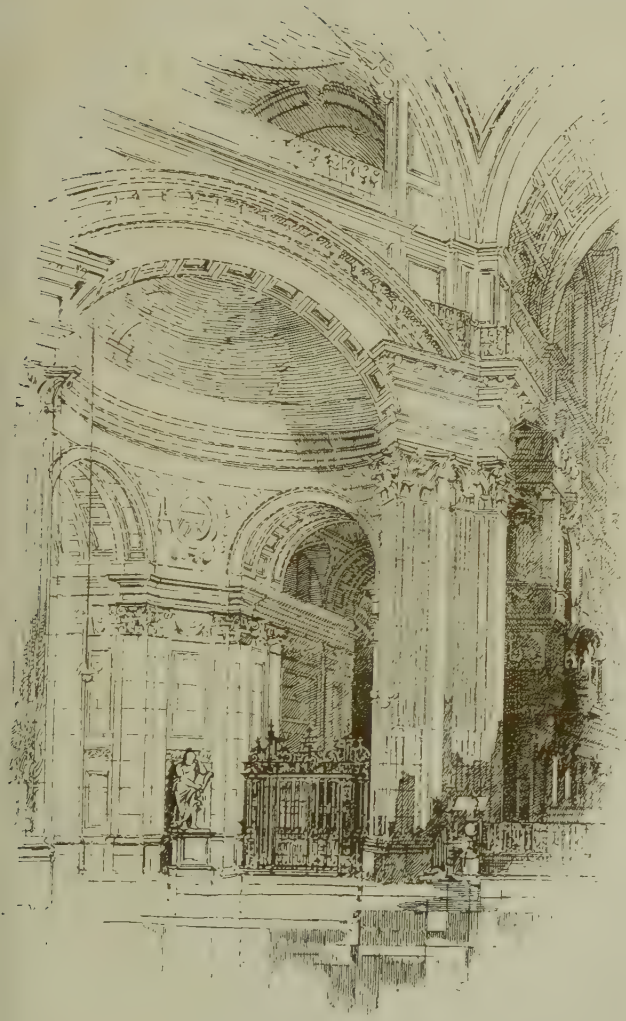
By Sarojini Naidu

"Is there aught you need that my hands withhold,
Rich gifts of raiment, or grain or gold?
Lo! I have flung to the East and West
Priceless treasures torn from my breast,
And yielded the sons of my stricken womb
To the drum-beats of duty, the sabres of doom.

"Gathered like pearls in their alien graves,
Silent they sleep by the Persian waves,
Scattered like shells on Egyptian sands,
They lie with pale brows and brave, broken hands,
They are strewn like blossoms mown down by chance
On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France.

"Can ye measure the grief of the tears I weep
Or compass the woe of the watch I keep?
Or the pride that thrills thro' my heart's despair,
And the hope that comforts the anguish of prayer?
And the far sad glorious vision I see
Of the torn red banners of Victory?

"When the terror and tumult of hate shall cease
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,
And your love shall offer memorial thanks
To the comrades who fought in your dauntless ranks,
And you honour the deeds of the deathless ones,—
Remember the blood of my martyred sons!"



Interior of St Paul's Cathedral

St Paul's from Waterloo Bridge

THE CITY OF FREEDOM

By the Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts

In the great historic struggles of this country in the past the City of London always was the bulwark of liberty ; the place of refuge to which oppressed liberty could flee—and never fled in vain. Throughout the seventeenth century, while the foundations of political liberty and Parliamentary Government were being laid in this country, the City of London stood forth as the most conspicuous champion against the Stuarts. The memories of Hampden and Pym, of Cromwell and Dutch William, will always remain inseparably associated with the traditions of your great City. Under your protection the foundations of free institutions were well and truly laid, and many generations have since continued the structure. You chose the prize of greatest value, and many others have been added to you since.

Centuries of prosperity followed, in which you and the nation grew and flourished and became

rich beyond the dreams of avarice. And people whispered that you had become soft and corrupted with wealth, that the day of trial would find your leaders nerveless and yourselves wanting and unprepared. What was your answer? Your enemies forgot on what milk you had been nurtured. Free men have the heart to do and dare anything. Without conscription or compulsion you raised millions of men; you transformed your industries from a peace to a war basis, and in the end you have become the financial, military, and moral mainstay of the Alliance. Such are the fruits of liberty in these islands. Freedom, like wisdom, is once more justified of her children.

"WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY"

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

WORDSWORTH.

THE STORY OF A PILGRIMAGE

By J. J. Virgo

To know the true spirit of Britain and the grip of the Old Country over her sons, you have to leave her coasts behind. On July 15, 1916, when the war was nearly two years old, I set sail from Folkestone on—what to some appeared an impossibility under present conditions—a journey round the world. Twelve months of travel were to be involved, and over 60,000 miles to be traversed. This was a fourth World Pilgrimage; but on this occasion my journey under the seal of the Red Triangle was to a thousand shrines, each one housed in a hut, a tent, a dug-out, an estaminet, a ruined building or a permanent spacious structure, but in every case a home, a church, an altar and a refuge in one.

On the way oversea there was time to think what the emblem meant;—let me just touch on some of the things that brought home to one its world-girdling, magical and religious power.

It has proved to be the badge of faithful service and sacrifice on behalf of others. It stands for the health, comfort and spirit of the men who are fighting our battles. It is certainly one of the most democratic institutions in the world, for you find everywhere representatives of every sphere of life banded as brothers for one common purpose.

For the time being, at any rate, it has transcended ecclesiastical differences and united in service the Churches of all denominations in a very remarkable way. All creeds are able to gather under its banner in amity, and it was most interesting to witness Jewish, Roman Catholic, Anglican and Nonconformist chaplains using successively a lonely dug-out near the firing-line for the common purpose of worship.

The badge broad based means to the fighting man a touch of home, and I saw everywhere its representatives, who have gone to the front, carrying, not the death-dealing rifle, nor even a glittering piece of steel, ministering in every way possible to the spirit, mind and body of every individual within the scope of his opportunity.

No pilgrim to-day can fail to observe the part it takes in welding together our "Commonwealth of Nations." The eagerness of the men of the Overseas Dominions to prove that the flag of Empire is invincible, and represents even-handed justice to all, was evidenced in the voluntary enlistment of hundreds of thousands of the manhood of Greater Britain for the preservation of the freedom and the civilization of the world. So, too, the representatives of the Red Triangle quickly followed the lead of the Motherland, and gave of its money and its best to follow the troops who followed the flag. To see these men on their job, and then to mingle with the soldiers was to discover their profound appreciation of this service.

The message with which His Majesty the King entrusted me was received everywhere with the

utmost enthusiasm, and forged another link in the chain which binds together those holding national ideals, and one could not help seeing that the Y.M.C.A. was by its war work giving practical expression to those ideals. It has won to itself millions of men in the ranks, and has indicated its loyalty to the Church, which it represents, by urging its claims upon them. Reason and experience go to show that we cannot expect that National Morality can prevail without the religious principle. National life is dependent upon morality. Morality is dependent upon religion. Religion is dependent upon the Church. Without the restraining influence of the Church our Empire would not occupy the place it holds to-day among the nations of the world. Sheer gratitude demands an ungrudging response to its call to worship God and willingness to catch the spirit of service which He enjoins. And what an empire we may expect if Church and Association link more closely than ever in building up the moral consciousness of the community.

Christianity has not failed. Its exponents often have. The principles laid down by its great Leader and the standards He set up, have equal force and application to-day,—just as when first enunciated; their realisation will again be possible if our Empire, the whole Anglo-Saxon race, combine to practise them more devotedly, and set out to spread those truths to the world, which have made us what we are to-day.

It was deeply interesting to visit America again, and to see in its cities and towns the Association

working out a universally approved policy under its International Committee. Further, in China and Japan, opportunities arose of witnessing its splendidly successful operations, proving the adaptability of the Association to all nations. Before coming into the war American secretaries were co-operating with us in special service, and now that she has joined the Allies America is actively endorsing Red Triangle methods, and preparing to carry its helpful influence wherever her "Sammies" go.

Everywhere, concern is evidenced that ample provision be made for the men of the forces on their return to civilian life, and in Australia and New Zealand large sums of money are being gathered for this purpose. The debt of gratitude that we owe to our sons for the magnificent accomplishments of these terrible years can never be fully paid. In India I was glad to note that Association men were urging the obligation of the soldiers there faithfully to represent national ideals in their relations with the myriads of Empire subjects in that wonderful country. They press further for a recognition of the obligations of citizenship, in that reconstruction time coming, in order to further the objects which the nation has as its foundation, viz. to express faith in service. And, after all, it is the individuals who comprise a nation.

I am an optimist, but my pilgrimage has impressed me more than ever with the tremendous responsibility resting upon our great Commonwealth as a whole, and upon the representatives of the Red Triangle who are working for it.

YOU ASK ME WHY

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fullness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute;

Tho' Power should make from land to land
The name of Britain trebly great—
Tho' every channel of the State
Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

THE GENERAL IN LOVE

By Washington Irving
(1783–1859)

Master Simon has informed me, in great confidence, that he suspects the General of some design upon the susceptible heart of Lady Lillycraft. I have, indeed, noticed a growing attention and courtesy in the veteran towards her ladyship; he softens very much in her company, sits by her at table, and entertains her with long stories about Seringapatam, and pleasant anecdotes of the Mulligatawney club. I have even seen him present her with a full-blown rose from the hot-house, in a style of the most captivating gallantry, and it was accepted with great suavity and graciousness; for her ladyship delights in receiving the homage and attention of the sex.

Indeed, the General was one of the earliest admirers that dangled in her train during her short reign of beauty; and they flirted together for half a season in London, some thirty or forty years since. She reminded him lately, in the course of conversation about former days, of the time when he used to ride a white horse and to canter so gallantly by the side of her carriage in Hyde Park; whereupon I have remarked that the veteran has regularly escorted her since, when she rides out on

"I have even seen him Present her with
a full-blown Rose"

The Fountain at Trinity College, Cambridge

horseback; and I suspect he almost persuades himself that he makes as captivating an appearance as in his youthful days.

Still, however, this may be nothing but a little venerable flirtation, the General being a veteran dangler, and the good lady habituated to these kind of attentions. Master Simon, on the other hand, thinks the General is looking about him with the wary eye of an old campaigner; and now that he is on the wane, is desirous of getting into warm winter quarters.

There are certain symptoms that give an air of probability of Master Simon's intimations. Thus, for instance, I have observed that the General has been very assiduous in his attentions to her ladyship's dogs, and has several times exposed his fingers to imminent jeopardy, in attempting to pat Beauty on the head. It is to be hoped his advances to the mistress will be more favourably received, as all his overtures towards a caress are greeted by the pestilent little cur with a wary kindling of the eye, and a most venomous growl.

He has, moreover, been very complaisant towards the lady's gentlewoman, the immaculate Mrs. Hannah, whom he used to speak of in a way that I do not choose to mention. Whether she has the same suspicions with Master Simon or not, I cannot say; but she receives his civilities with no better grace than the implacable Beauty; unscrewing her mouth into a most acid smile, and looking as though she could bite a piece out of him.

There is still another circumstance which inclines me to give very considerable credit to Master

Simon's suspicions. Lady Lillycraft is very fond of quoting poetry, and the conversation often turns upon it, on which occasions the General is thrown completely out. It happened the other day that Spenser's *Fairy Queen* was the theme for the great part of the morning, and the poor General sat perfectly silent. I found him not long after in the library, with spectacles on nose, a book in his hand, and fast asleep. On my approach he awoke, slipt the spectacles into his pocket, and began to read very attentively. After a little while he put a paper in the place, and laid the volume aside, which I perceived was the *Fairy Queen*. I have had the curiosity to watch how he got on in his poetical studies; but though I have repeatedly seen him with the book in his hand, yet I find the paper has not advanced above three or four pages; the General being extremely apt to fall asleep when he reads.

The CITIZEN of the WORLD

THE SHOPS OF LONDON

By Oliver Goldsmith
(1728–1774)

The shops of London are as well furnished as those of Pekin. Those of London have a picture hung at their door, informing the passengers what they have to sell, as those at Pekin have a board to assure the buyer, that they have no intentions to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy silk for a night-cap; immediately upon entering the mercer's shop, the master and his two men, with wigs plastered with powder, appeared to ask my commands. They were certainly the civilest people alive; if I but looked, they flew to the place where I cast my eye; every motion of mine sent them running round the whole shop for my satisfaction. I informed them that I wanted what was good, and they showed me not

less than forty pieces, and each was better than the former; the prettiest pattern in nature, and the fittest in the world for night-caps. My very good friend, said I to the mercer, you must not pretend to instruct me in silks, I know these in particular to be no better than your mere flimsy *Bungees*. *That may be*, cried the mercer, who I afterwards found had never contradicted a man in his life, *I can't pretend to say but they may; but I can assure you, my Lady Trail has had a sacque from this piece this very morning*. But, friend, said I, though my lady has chosen a sacque from it, I see no necessity that I should wear it for a night-cap. *That may be*, returned he again, *yet what becomes a pretty lady, will at any time look well on a handsome gentleman*. This short compliment was thrown in so very seasonably upon my ugly face, that even though I disliked the silk, I desired him to cut me off the pattern of a night-cap.

While this business was consigned to his journeyman, the master himself took down some pieces of silk still finer than any I had yet seen, and spreading them before me, *There*, cries he, *there's beauty, my Lord Snakeskin has bespoke the fellow to this for the birth-night this very morning; it would look charmingly in waistcoats*. But I don't want a waistcoat, replied I: *Not want a waistcoat*, returned the mercer, *then I would advise you to buy one; when waistcoats are wanted, you may depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside*. There was so much justice in his advice, that I could not refuse taking it; besides, the silk, which was really a good

one, increased the temptation, so I gave orders for that too.

As I was waiting to have my bargains measured and cut, which I know not how, they executed but slowly; during the interval, the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of some of the nobility receiving company in their morning gowns; *Perhaps, Sir*, adds he, *you have a mind to see what kind of silk is universally worn.* Without waiting for my reply, he spreads a piece before me, which might be reckoned beautiful even in China. *If the nobility*, continues he, *were to know I sold this to any under a Right Honourable, I should certainly lose their custom; you see, my Lord, it is at once rich, tasty, and quite the thing.* I am no Lord, interrupted I.—*I beg pardon*, cried he, *but be pleased to remember, when you intend buying a morning gown, that you had an offer from me of something worth money. Conscience, Sir, conscience is my way of dealing; you may buy a morning gown now, or you may stay till they become dearer and less fashionable, but it is not my business to advise.* In short, most reverend *Fum*, he persuaded me to buy a morning gown also, and would probably have persuaded me to have bought half the goods in his shop, if I had stayed long enough, or was furnished with sufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help reflecting with some astonishment, how this very man with such a confined education and capacity, was yet capable of turning me as he thought proper, and moulding me to his inclinations! I knew he was only answering his own purposes, even while he attempted to appear solicitous about mine; yet by a

voluntary infatuation, a sort of passion compounded of vanity and good nature, I walked into the snare with my eyes open, and put myself to future pain in order to give him immediate pleasure. The wisdom of the ignorant, somewhat resembles the instinct of animals; it is diffused in a very narrow sphere, but within that circle it acts with vigour, uniformity, and success. Adieu.

MERRY LONDON

By Edmund Spenser (1552–1599)

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame:
There when they came whereas those bricky towers
The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilome wont the Templar-knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride;
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case;
But ah! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys to tell
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

THE COUNTY AND THE FIVE TOWNS

By Arnold Bennett

The county is happy in not exciting remark. It is content that Shropshire should possess that swollen bump, the Wrekin, and that the exaggerated wildness of the Peak should lie over its border. It does not desire to be a pancake, like Cheshire. It has everything that England has, including thirty miles of Watling Street; and England can show nothing more beautiful and nothing uglier than the works of nature and the works of man to be seen within the limits of the county. It is England in little, lost in the midst of England, unsung by searchers after the extreme; perhaps occasionally somewhat sore at this neglect, but how proud in the instinctive cognizance of its representative features and traits!

On every side the fields and moors of Staffordshire, intersected by roads and lanes, railways, watercourses and telegraph-lines, patterned by hedges, ornamented and made respectable by halls and genteel parks, enlivened by villages at the intersections, and warmly surveyed by the sun, spread out undulating. And trains were rushing round curves in deep cuttings, and carts and waggons trotting and jingling on the yellow roads, and long narrow boats passing in a leisure majestic and infinite over the surface of the stolid canals; the rivers had only themselves to support, for Stafford-

shire rivers have remained virgin of keels to this day. One could imagine the messages concerning prices, sudden death, and horses, in their flight through the wires under the feet of birds. In the inns Utopians were shouting the universe into order over beer, and in the halls and parks the dignity of England was being preserved in a fitting manner. The villages were full of women who did nothing but fight against dirt and hunger, and repair the effects of friction on clothes. Thousands of labourers were in the fields, but the fields were so broad and numerous that this scattered multitude was totally lost therein. The cuckoo was much more perceptible than man, dominating whole square miles with his resounding call. And on the airy moors heath-larks played in the ineffaceable mule-tracks that had served centuries before even the Romans thought of Watling Street.

The fact is, that while in the county they were also in the district, even if he should be old and have nothing to do but reflect upon things in general, ever thinks about the county. So far as the county goes, the district might almost as well be in the middle of Sahara. It ignores the county, save that it uses it nonchalantly sometimes as leg-stretcher on holiday afternoons, as a man may use his back garden. It has nothing in common with the county ; it is richly sufficient to itself. Nevertheless, its self-sufficiency and the true salt savour of its life can only be appreciated by picturing it hemmed in by county. It lies on the face of the county like an insignificant stain, like a dark Pleiades in a green and empty sky. And Ham-

bridge has the shape of a horse and its rider, Bursley of half a donkey, Knype of a pair of trowsers, Longshaw of an octopus, and little Turnhill of a beetle. The Five Towns seem to cling together for safety. Yet the idea of clinging together for safety would make them laugh. They are unique and indispensable. From the north of the county right down to the south they stand alone for civilization, applied science, organized manufacture, and the century—until you come to Wolverhampton. They are unique and indispensable because you cannot drink tea out of a tea-cup without the aid of the Five Towns; because you cannot eat a meal in decency without the aid of the Five Towns. For this the architecture of the Five Towns is an architecture of ovens and chimneys; for this its architecture is as black as its mud; for this it burns and smokes all night, so that Longshaw has been compared to hell; for this it is unlearned in the ways of agriculture, never having seen corn except as packing straw and in quartern loaves; for this, on the other hand, it comprehends the mysterious habits of fire and pure, sterile earth; for this it lives crammed together in slippery streets where the house-wife must change white window-curtains at least once a fortnight if she wishes to remain respectable; for this it gets up in the mass at 6 a.m., winter and summer, and goes to bed when the public-houses close; for this it exists—that you may drink tea out of a tea-cup and toy with a chop on a plate. All the everyday crockery used in the kingdom is made in the Five Towns—all, and much besides.

STONEHENGE

By Ralph Waldo Emerson
(1803–1882)

We left the train at Salisbury, and took a carriage to Amesbury, passing by Old Sarum, a bare, treeless hill, once containing the town which sent two members to Parliament—now, not a hut ;—and, arriving at Amesbury, stopped at the George Inn. After dinner, we walked to Salisbury Plain. On the broad downs, under the gray sky, not a house was visible, nothing but Stonehenge, which looked like a group of brown dwarfs in the wide expanse—Stonehenge and the barrows—which rose like green bosses about the plain, and a few hayricks. On the top of a mountain, the old temple would not be more impressive. Far and wide a few shepherds with their flocks sprinkled the plain, and a bagman drove along the road. It looked as if the wide margin given in this crowded isle to this primeval temple was accorded by the veneration of the British race to the old egg out of which all their ecclesiastical structures and history had proceeded. Stonehenge is a circular colonnade with a diameter of a hundred feet, and enclosing a second and a third colonnade within. We walked round the stones, and clambered over them, to wont ourselves

with their strange aspect and groupings, and found a nook sheltered from the wind among them, where C.[1] lighted his cigar. It was pleasant to see, that, just this simplest of all simple structures — two upright stones and a lintel laid across — had long outstood all later churches, and all history, and were like what is most permanent on the face of the planet: these, and the barrows—mere mounds, (of which there are a hundred and sixty within a circle of three miles about Stonehenge,) like the same mound on the plain of Troy, which still makes good to the passing mariner on Hellespont, the vaunt of Homer and the fame of Achilles. Within the enclosure, grow buttercups, nettles, and, all around, wild thyme, daisy, meadowsweet, golden-rod, thistle, and the carpeting grass. Over us, larks were soaring and singing—as my friend said, "the larks which were hatched last year, and the wind which was hatched many thousand years ago." We counted and measured by paces the biggest stones, and soon knew as much as any man can suddenly know of the inscrutable temple. There are ninety-four stones, and there were once probably one hundred and sixty. The temple is circular, and uncovered, and the situation fixed astronomically—the grand entrances here, and at Abury, being placed exactly north-east, "as all the gates of the old cavern temples are." How came the stones here? for these *sarsens*, or Druidical sandstones, are not found in this neighbourhood. The *sacrificial stone*, as it is called, is the only one in all these blocks, that can resist the action of fire, and as I

[1] Carlyle.

read in the books, must have been brought one hundred and fifty miles.

On almost every stone we found the marks of the mineralogist's hammer and chisel. The nineteen smaller stones of the inner circle are of granite. I, who had just come from Professor Sedgwick's Cambridge Museum of megatheria and mastodons, was ready to maintain that some cleverer elephants or mylodonta had borne off and laid these rocks one on another. Only the good beasts must have known how to cut a well-wrought tenon and mortise, and to smooth the surface of some of the stones. The chief mystery is, that any mystery should have been allowed to settle on so remarkable a monument, in a country on which all the muses have kept their eyes now for eighteen hundred years. We are not yet too late to learn much more than is known of this structure. Some diligent Fellowes or Layard will arrive, stone by stone, at the whole history, by that exhaustive British sense and perseverance, so whimsical in its choice of objects, which leaves its own Stonehenge or Choir Gaur to the rabbits, whilst it opens pyramids, and uncovers Nineveh. Stonehenge, in virtue of the simplicity of its plan, and its good preservation, is as if new and recent; and, a thousand years hence, men will thank this age for the accurate history it will yet eliminate. We walked in and out, and took again and again a fresh look at the uncanny stones. The old sphinx put our petty differences of nationality out of sight. To these conscious stones we two pilgrims were alike known and near. We could equally well revere their old British meaning. My

philosopher was subdued and gentle. In this quiet house of destiny, he happened to say, "I plant cypresses wherever I go, and if I am in search of pain, I cannot go wrong." The spot, the gray blocks, and their rude order, which refuses to be disposed of, suggested to him the flight of ages, and the succession of religions. The old times of England impress C. much: he reads little, he says, in these last years, but "*Acta Sanctorum*," the fifty-three volumes of which are in the London Library. He finds all English history therein. He can see, as he reads, the old saint of Iona sitting there, and writing, a man to men. The *Acta Sanctorum* show plainly that the men of those times believed in God, and in the immortality of the soul, as their abbeys and cathedrals testify: now, even the puritanism is all gone. London is pagan. He fancied that greater men had lived in England, than any of her writers; and, in fact, about the time when those writers appeared, the last of these were already gone.

We left the mound in the twilight, with the design to return the next morning, and coming back two miles to our inn, we were met by little showers, and late as it was, men and women were out attempting to protect their spread wind-rows. The grass grows rank and dark in the showery England. At the inn, there was only milk for one cup of tea. When we called for more, the girl brought us three drops. My friend was annoyed who stood for the credit of an English inn, and still more, the next morning, by the dog-cart, sole procurable vehicle, in which we were to be sent to Wilton. I engaged the local antiquary, Mr. Brown, to go with us to

Stonehenge, on our way, and show us what he knew of the "astronomical" and "sacrificial" stones. I stood on the last, and he pointed to the upright, or rather, inclined stone, called the "astronomical," and bade me notice that its top ranged with the sky-line. "Yes." Very well. Now, at the summer solstice, the sun rises exactly over the top or that stone, and, at the Druidical temple at Abury, there is also an astronomical stone, in the same relative positions.

In the silence of tradition, this one relation to science becomes an important clue; but we were content to leave the problem, with the rocks. Was this the "Giants' Dance" which Merlin brought from Killaraus, in Ireland, to be Uther Pendragon's monument to the British nobles whom Hengist slaughtered here, as Geoffrey of Monmouth relates? or was it a Roman work, as Inigo Jones explained to King James; or identical in design and style with the East Indian temples of the sun, as Davies in the "Celtic Researches" maintains? Of all the writers, Stukeley is the best. The heroic antiquary, charmed with the geometric perfections of his ruin, connects it with the oldest monuments and religion of the world, and with the courage of his tribe, does not stick to say, "the Deity who made the world by the scheme of Stonehenge." He finds that the *cursus*[1] on Salisbury Plain stretches across the downs,

[1] Connected with Stonehenge are an avenue and a *cursus*. The avenue is a narrow road of raised earth, extending 594 yards in a straight line from the grand entrance, then dividing into two branches, which lead, severally, to a row of barrows; and to the *cursus*,—an artificially formed flat tract of ground. This is half a mile north-east from Stonehenge, bounded by banks and ditches 3036 yards long, by 110 broad.

like a line of latitude upon the globe, and the meridian line of Stonehenge passes exactly through the middle of this *cursus*. But here is the high point of the theory: the Druids had the magnet; laid their courses by it; their cardinal points in Stonehenge, Ambresbury, and elsewhere, which vary a little from true east and west, followed the variations of the compass. The Druids were Phœnicians. The name of the magnet is *lapis Heracleus*, and Hercules was the god of the Phœnicians. Hercules, in the legend, drew his bow at the sun, and the sungod gave him a golden cup, with which he sailed over the ocean. What was this, but a compass-box? This cup or little boat, in which the magnet was made to float on water, and so show the north, was probably its first form, before it was suspended on a pin. But science was an *arcanum*, and, as Britain was a Phœnician secret, so they kept their compass a secret, and it was lost with the Tyrian commerce. The golden fleece, again, of Jason, was the compass—a bit of loadstone, easily supposed to be the only one in the world, and therefore naturally awakening the cupidity and ambition of the young heroes of a maritime nation to join in an expedition to obtain possession of this wise stone. Hence the fable that the ship *Argo* was loquacious and oracular. There is also some curious coincidence in the names. Apollodorus makes *Magnes* the son of *Æolus*, who married *Nais*. On hints like these, Stukeley builds again the grand colonnade into historic harmony, and computing backward by the known variations of the compass, bravely assigns the year 406 before Christ, for the date of the temple.

For the difficulty of handling and carrying stones of this size, the like is done in all cities, every day, with no other aid than horse power. I chanced to see a year ago men at work on the substructure of a house in Bowdoin Square, in Boston, swinging a block of granite of the size of the largest of the Stonehenge columns with an ordinary derrick. The men were common masons, with Paddies to help, nor did they think they were doing anything remarkable. I suppose, there were as good men a thousand years ago. And we wonder how Stonehenge was built and forgotten. After spending half an hour on the spot, we set forth in our dog-cart over the downs for Wilton, C. not suppressing some threats and evil omens on the proprietors, for keeping these broad plains a wretched sheep-walk, when so many thousands of English men were hungry and wanted labour. But I heard afterwards that it is not an economy to cultivate this land, which only yields one crop on being broken up and is then spoiled.

H. C.

The Village Wain

TWO PASSAGES FROM ELIZABETHAN PLAYS

I. By George Peele (1558–1597?)

Triumphant Edward, how, like sturdy oaks,
Do these thy soldiers circle thee about,
To shield and shelter thee from winter's storms!
Display thy cross, old Aimes of the Vies:
Dub on your drums, tannèd with India's sun,
My lusty western lads: Matrevars, thou
Sound proudly here a perfect point of war
In honour of thy sovereign's safe return.
Thus Longshanks bids his soldiers *Bien venu.*

O God, my God, the brightness of my day,
How oft hast thou preserv'd thy servant safe,
By sea and land, yea, in the gates of death!
O God, to thee how highly am I bound
For setting me with these on English ground!
One of my mansion-houses will I give
To be a college for my maimèd men,
Where every one shall have an hundred marks
Of yearly pension to his maintenance:
A soldier that for Christ and country fights
Shall want no living whilst King Edward lives.
Lords, you that love me, now be liberal,
And give your largess to these maimèd men.

King Edward I.

II. By William Shakespeare
(1564–1616)

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world.

King Richard II, Act II, Sc. i.

ON MEETING THE DEVIL IN A HAYFIELD

By Walter Raymond

A few miles from my cottage is a quiet coombe, so remote that the spirit of past time lingers in every nook and colours each thought and utterance. It is shaped like a cup, and gently sloping hills circle around with even brim. At the bottom lie level meadows and a hamlet of three or four homesteads, with a sprinkling of cottages and a little mill beside a winding brook. It has no name of its own upon the map. It forms an outlying part of a parish that cannot be seen from the hill-top. But it still holds one draught of the unmixed wine of happy, simple life.

Around this spot lies a pastoral country.

Here and there on the hill-side may be found a square arable patch ; but at that time of the year, before the corn had begun to yellow, it was scarcely to be distinguished in colour from the surrounding fields of grass.

With so little land broken to the furrow, ploughing is soon done. Between the beginning of reaping

and the hauling of the last load may be but a few days, unless work be hindered by rain. Only in early summer, when all the good folk turn out to save the hay, is there a brief spell of activity in the lonely meadows of this restful valley.

I first came upon it that afternoon, driven afield by the boastful cleanliness of Mrs. Matthew Critchell. I lay down to rest in the middle of a hayfield, in the dappled shade under the branches of a spreading oak. A lark sang overhead. Wagtails came from the brook to forage on the newly cut grass, and ran to catch the flies almost at my feet. Wood-quests were cooing in the distant spinney on the side of the hill, and now and again a jackdaw spoke from the hollow tree beyond the hedge. The rattle of the horse-rake mingled with voices, far away where the rick was a-building in the corner of the field.

For the hay was dry and "up in pook," and slowly the waggon drew near down its avenue between the fragrant heaps. There were two loaders on the top, a pitcher on each side, and a boy at the old black horse's head. And each time, as soon as the pooks alongside the waggon were pitched, the shrill voice of the boy shouted, "Hold vast!" The men on the load steadied themselves, leaning on their picks. The boy cried "Black-bird-a!" Then came a jingling of harness-chains, a creaking of wheels, and the waggon drew nearer by a stage. The boy cried "Whoa!" And as the voices came slowly in hearing and distinct, I overheard between each "Whoa!" and the succeeding "Hold vast!" a little eclogue.

"I don't put no belief at all in no such thing. Zo there!"

"I do, then. Don't you, John?"

"What's that?"

"Why, don't you believe then that if a man—or a ooman, too, zo vur as that do go—do take the precaution to put on his lef' sock or stocken avore he do his right, when he do jump out o' bed of a marnen, he'll never have the toothache zo long as he do live an' mind to do it?"

"I can't zay nothen 't all about it. I never didn't make no trial o' it."

"Wull. Vather done it all his life, and he never had zo much as a twinge. An' mother too. An' she never had toothache till she wur up zixty. But she zaid, what wi' bringen up a long family an' thinkin' of other things like, mayhap she hadn' always a-carred it in mind. She feeled wonderful sorry she hadn'. She would, I'll warrant, if she had a-had her time over again. For the poor ooman in latter years did oftentimes have a face a-bunched up zo big as two."

"But I can't zee no sense in it. What is toothache, now? Why, toothache is when a worm or maggot do gnaw into the tooth. You can't zee un, but he's there. I heard a traveller chap tell all about it. I don't zee, myzelf, what any stocken have a-got to do wi' thik worm."

"Maybe not. There be zome things in thëas life zo deep they can't be zeed."

"Ay. An' there be folk about nowadays, too, zo shallow they can't zee what's plain, and can't believe nothing they can't zee. What do you zay, John?"

"I never didn' make no trial o' it. To be sure, I've a-suffered the toothache most woful bad. Mid be right. But I shouldn' place any reliance 'pon it, myself—not vor a holler tooth."

"Ah, no! Now who zaid anything about a holler tooth? I never used the words."

"Hold vast . . . Black-bird-a . . . Whoa!"

There followed a brief interval of thoughtful silence. The air had become very close and sultry. Flies were troublesome, and the old black horse shook himself in his harness.

"By la! Bless my heart! Volk don't believe one-half now o' what they used to."

"'Tes a age o' unbelief, I do call it. Why, I've a-heard them zay that the new man what have a-tookt the chemist's shop in to town do zay outright that there idden no God an' there idden no devil."

"Do er now? I do know there mus' be One above. Or where did this grass come vrom?"

"To be sure. You didden make it, did ee? Not that."

"You zee, a man mid haul a vew load o' dung, an' run over the groun' wi' a chain-harrow an' a roller, or the like o' that. But he can't make zo much as a blade vor hiszelf, can er? All he can do is to improve, in a manner o' speaken, 'pon what th' Almighty have a-done avore. Dash my wig, if I'd drink physic from such a fool as that. 'Tis zo much as ever I'd gie a drench to a bullock."

"Now, for my part, I always did believe in One above. An' always shall, please God. But I've

a-wondered in my mind, like, more 'an once, an' more 'an twice, about thik devil."

From close beside the horse's head came a treble pipe, with all the certainty of a song-thrush on an elm-tree of a spring evening.

"I do know there is a devil."

"How dost know that, then, my bwoy?"

"My father have a-seed un."

"Wha-a-at?"

"He have then. An' had a talk wi' un, too. For he told me so his own self."

"And how long ago wur it since that happened then, my bwoy?"

"Why, 'twur back last fall. The very night a'ter we had a-been a-catched up in archet a-stealen the apples."

"An' what had the wold gen'leman a-got so particular to say to your father?"

"Why, he said he wur out 'pon a look roun', like, an' axed un whe'er or no he could tell un o' any naughty little bwoys about."

"An' what did your father make reply?"

"Oh! he said he made so bold as to say 'No.' But we had best all o' us look out an' take care what we was about."

"Then look out now, bwoy, an' have on thik hoss."

"Hold vast . . . Black-bird-a . . . Whoa!"

A burly figure in shirt-sleeves and a broad straw hat rode up on a stout cob. I lay unobserved under the oak-tree; but as he drew near I saw it was my landlord.

"Come, come, my lads. There's a lot o' talk

an' chackle to-day, or so do seem to me. Get on so fast as you can. There's a thundercloud so big as a mountain a-climben over the hill. Get it together. There's some cider up to rick."

The farmer dismounted from his cob, secured the rein under the stirrup-strap, and set to work himself.

For the moment there was no more talk. Slowly the load rose higher and higher as the creaking wain kept on its way. The lark had dropped long ago. The wagtails came back now all was still. A pair of blue-tits, with a nest of young in the hollow of a leafless, storm-twisted limb of the oak, winged their constant brief excursions to and fro, never weary of dropping food into a dozen gaping mouths that nothing could satisfy.

Fainter and fainter to the soft accompaniment of the wood-pigeons came the repetition of the words—

"Hold vast! . . . Black-bird-a . . . Whoa!"

ON THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

By Sydney Smith

(1771–1845)

By the waters of Babylon, we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, Oh Sion!—Psalm cxxxvii. 1.

This beautiful Psalm was written in commemoration of the Babylonish captivity, written, if we may judge, from the lively feelings it exhibits, soon after the period of that memorable event; and, in truth, it is not possible to read it without emotion: It tells a tale of sorrow with that simple melancholy which the heart can only feel, and the imagination never counterfeit: They hung up their harps on the willow trees, they could not sing the songs of their God, for they were in captivity, and heaviness of spirit oppressed them; they thought of their country, and sat down by the waters of Babylon to weep.

Whence, it may be asked, does this love of our country, this universal passion, proceed? Why are not other soils as grateful, and other heavens as gay? Why does the soul of man ever cling to that earth where it first knew pleasure, and pain, and, under the rough discipline of the passions, was roused to the dignity of moral life? Is it only that our country contains our kindred, and our friends? It cannot be this; the most friendless of human beings has a country which he admires and extols,

and which he would, in the same circumstances, prefer to all others under heaven. Tempt him with the fairest face of nature, place him by living waters, under shadowy cedars of Lebanon, open to his view all the gorgeous allurements of the climates of the sun; he will love the rocks and deserts of his childhood better than all these, and thou canst not bribe his soul to forget the land of his nativity; he will sit down and weep by the waters of Babylon, when he remembers thee, Oh Sion.

The love of our country has been ridiculed by some modern enthusiasts, as too narrow a field for the benevolence of an enlightened mind; they are for comprehending the whole human race in our affections, and deem any partiality shown to the particular country in which we happen to be born, as a narrow, and unphilosophical preference: Now, it would be difficult to say, whether complete selfishness, or universal philanthropy, is the most likely to mislead us from that sound practical goodness, in which the beauty of Christianity, and the merit of a Christian, consist. Our sphere of thoughts has hardly any limits, our sphere of action hardly any extent; we may speculate on worlds, we must act in families, in districts, and in kingdoms; and if we contract a distaste for the good we can do, because it is not equal to the good we can conceive, we only sacrifice deeds to words, and rule our lives by maxims of the most idle, and ostentatious sentiment.

There is a crime committed against the country, in times of its adversity, which is certainly of the

most sordid, and selfish nature; that men who derive not only protection, but opulence, from a country in the days of its prosperity, should, upon any appearance of alarm, be ever ready to retire with person, and property to other countries, is a principle subversive of all political union whatsoever. What nation could exist for a moment, if, in the day of danger, and war, when the kingdoms were gathered together against her, she saw her treasures dispersed, and her children fled? Are we not all linked together by language, by birth, by habits, by opinions, by virtues, for worse, for better, for glory, for shame, for peace, for war, for plenty, for want? Will you shudder to interweave your destiny with the destiny of your country? Can you possibly think of your own security when your land is weary, and fainting because of her great afflictions? And when all whom you know, and love can die, and suffer, would you alone live, and rejoice? *If I forget thee, Oh Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning: If I do not remember thee in the time of my trouble, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.*

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.
There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.
Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face—
Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:
Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;
That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

ENGLISH WEATHER

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

(1804–1864)

Italy has nothing like it, nor America. There never was such weather except in England, where, in requital of a vast amount of horrible east-wind between February and June, and a brown October and black November, and a wet, chill, sunless winter, there are a few weeks of incomparable summer, scattered through July and August, and the earlier portion of September, small in quantity, but exquisite enough to atone for the whole year's atmospherical delinquencies. After all, the prevalent sombreness may have brought out those sunny intervals in such high relief, that I see them, in my recollection, brighter than they really were: a little light makes a glory for people who live habitually in a gray gloom. The English, however, do not seem to know how enjoyable the momentary gleams of their summer are; they call it broiling weather, and hurry to the seaside with red, perspiring faces, in a state of combustion and deliquescence; and I have observed that even their cattle have similar susceptibilities, seeking the deepest shade, or standing mid-leg deep in pools and streams to cool themselves, at temperatures which our own cows would deem little more than

barely comfortable. To myself, after the summer heats of my native land had somewhat effervesced out of my blood and memory, it was the weather of Paradise itself. It might be a little too warm; but it was that modest and inestimable superabundance which constitutes a bounty of Providence, instead of just a niggardly enough. During my first year in England, residing in perhaps the most ungenial part of the kingdom, I could never be quite comfortable without a fire on the hearth; in the second twelvemonth, beginning to get acclimatized, I became sensible of austere friendliness, shy, but sometimes almost tender, in the veiled, shadowy, seldom smiling summer; and in the succeeding years—whether that I had renewed my fibre with English beef and replenished my blood with English ale, or whatever were the cause—I grew content with winter and especially in love with summer, desiring little more for happiness than merely to breathe and bask. At the midsummer which we are now speaking of, I must needs confess that the noontide sun came down more fervently than I found altogether tolerable; so that I was fain to shift my position with the shadow of the shrubbery, making myself the movable index of a sundial that reckoned up the hours of an almost interminable day.

For each day seemed endless, though never wearisome. As far as your actual experience is concerned, the English summer-day has positively no beginning and no end. When you awake, at any reasonable hour, the sun is already shining through the curtains; you live through unnum-

bered hours of Sabbath quietude, with a calm variety of incident softly etched upon their tranquil lapse; and at length you become conscious that it is bedtime again, while there is still enough daylight in the sky to make the pages of your book distinctly legible. Night, if there be any such season, hangs down a transparent veil through which the bygone day beholds its successor; or, if not quite true of the latitude of London, it may be soberly affirmed of the more northern parts of the island, that To-morrow is born before its Yesterday is dead. They exist together in the golden twilight, where the decrepit old day dimly discerns the face of the ominous infant; and you, though a mere mortal, may simultaneously touch them both, with one finger of recollection and another of prophecy. I cared not how long the day might be, nor how many of them. I had earned this repose by a long course of irksome toil and perturbation, and could have been content never to stray out of the limits of that suburban villa and its garden. If I lacked anything beyond, it would have satisfied me well enough to dream about it, instead of struggling for its actual possession. At least, this was the feeling of the moment; although the transitory, flitting, and irresponsible character of my life there was perhaps the most enjoyable element of all, as allowing me much of the comfort of house and home without any sense of their weight upon my back. The nomadic life has great advantages, if we can find tents ready pitched for us at every stage.

By Martin Harvey

Now, whenever I see this familiar symbol, what mixed memories, what gracious visions, does it conjure up! Here comes, in my mind's eye, through the teeming streets of a British base somewhere in France, a fragile lady whose gentle birth is evident, taking her first lesson, a stalwart Highlander by her side, and driving a "Ford" on some transport work. An hour later this very lady, who had recently lost her husband in the war—himself the hope and the promise of a great and distinguished house, whose name is familiar in our mouths as household words—this lady was driving me many miles into the country to give a recital at a convalescent depôt on the Somme. We were joined on the journey by just such a carpet knight as one might without reflection have classed among the hopeless dilettanti of life, who enlivened our drive with his curious knowledge of early English campaigns in this neighbourhood, and who could point out the very knoll upon which a certain monarch

> "... on mountains standing,
> Up in the air, crowned with the golden sun,
> Saw his heroical seed; and smiled to see him
> Mangle the work of nature and deface
> The patterns that by God and by French fathers
> Had twenty times been made";

but whom I saw an hour later, his tunic off and shirt sleeves rolled up, decorating, with no small mastery of the scene-painter's art, a large Triangle Hut to gladden the eyes of the wounded Tommies who used it for a shelter. Of the party, too, later on, was another young and gentle creature—also widowed in this holocaust—who was "chauffing" a Ford runabout and discharging the arduous duties of a Triangle canteen worker. What a grateful atmosphere of the leisurely, stately English homes these gracious ladies bring into the seething camps in which they work, with the sweet and womanly comradeship which our war-worn heroes so gallantly appreciate! (Surely to heaven there should be no more trouble about class feeling after such a frank intimacy and comradeship!) You must be careful though: I recall that this lady, who attended to the mechanical difficulties of her Ford till her hands were grimed and soiled with oil, had, out of consideration for her friends the Tommies, worn a pair of indiarubber gloves in handling the chunks of bread and cake which she distributed among them. The action was misunderstood. "Is she too fine to touch our food with her fingers?" asked a rough but sensitive soldier of his pal. She heard the words and the gloves were never worn again.

How can one compress into a travelling-kit the myriad impressions of this wonderful time in the fields of France?

Here are the rough notes of a long line of Hut Leaders,—men who have left for a while their congregations at home and have gone out to reach the men's souls by the way of their poor bodies.

Daily and nightly service they gave in those merciful Huts which have been like a benison to the great-hearted men who are keeping the sacred bounds of a civilization that the *Kultur* of the Hun knows not yet. Always were they waiting to greet me with a smile and a hearty shake of the hand, and introduce me to the teeming crowds in the comfortable shelters provided under the sign that means "open house to all." One white-headed N.C. from North Britain starts up in my remembrance, who held the souls of his vast audiences in the human grip of his kindly hand. At the finish of my recital he had them on their feet for three ringing cheers, and the next moment he had bowed their heads in silent prayer—for what? For "our dear ones *at home!*" And then for a humble murmur of the Lord's Prayer; but no going till "God Save the King" was thundered out. The blessings of peace (which were surely his) upon his reverend white head! And upon another patient-eyed Pastor who had lost his arm in the bombing of a Y.M. shanty near the trenches. And upon a gentle Church of England Padre who stood unmoved through my recital, the pauses of which were punctuated with the explosions of German shells which fell only a few fields away! Well may the words of a poem by my friend Eden Phillpotts recur to my mind when I think of the benign and human work of such men gathered together for the merciful work of the magic Triangle :—

"Glory be to men on High."

VELD

By D. M. Jacobs

The sun is up, so come with me,
And take the chestnut mare,
We'll ride ten leagues and more to see
A sight to end despair,
For the rains have set the grasses free,
And the Veld blows green and fair!

The long dry months are passed away,
The dun of the Veld-world gone,
For in this land it takes a day
To see what the rains have done,
And mock no man if given to pray
For the heavenly benison!

O 'tis the time to dare each spruit,
The boter-bloem a-blowing,
And blossoms pick that speak of fruit,
In three months mellow showing,
For the rains soak vlei and the rains fill sluit,
And the sheep-grass quickly growing!

Yet as we go we'll not forget
The ridge where dead men are,
Tho' never for us to pay the debt—
Each soul a shining star,
And our idle talk of vain regret
Never to reach that far.

God ends the drought and sends the rain,
But we make lives to mourn,
For the spade that buries the patriot slain
Buries the Human Dawn,
Our dripping blades still true to Cain,
E'en in a field of corn!

The sun is up, so come with me,
And take the chestnut mare,
It matters not what man may be
If God alone be fair,
And makes the Veld so good to see,
And lets us breathe its air!

SUNRISE ON THE VELD

By R. A. Nelson

(outside Johannesburg)

Across the far-stretched carpet of bronze-green,
Veined with red paths, rough-traced by foot and tyre,
From out the kopjes breaks night's funeral pyre;
And slowly, as it kindles, the wide scene
Is pierced with golden searchlights; through the screen
Of mystic ambient starts each thin black spire,
Whose inky, curlèd pennants, from the fire
Of the goldseeker, blur the morning sheen.

Ghost-white the mounds of cyanide appear,
Like phantom hills; the Kafir on the plain,
In blanket wrapped, stares mutely as his ear
Catches the rumble of the winding train,
The moan of bullocks, creak of wagon strain,
Then, maddening shriek of siren—day is here.

IN PRAISE OF ENGLAND

By A. G. Gardiner

And when I say England, forgive me for once, O stern and wild Caledonian, if I mean Scotland too. For I cannot say "In praise of Great Britain." No pen with a holiday feeling coursing through its inky veins would consent to write in such cold formal phrase. The very nib would revolt against the outrage and splutter tears, blue-black tears, of honest protest upon the page. And besides, I mean Ireland as well, and I ask you, how can a man set out on a light-hearted literary excursion under the sign "In Praise of Great Britain and Ireland" or "In Praise of the United Kingdom"? I should find myself thinking of the British Constitution and Magna Charta and the Statute of Labourers and Ship Money and other solemn things. And instead I am thinking of the springing grass and the budding trees, the lambs that I know are gambolling in the chequered shade and the lark that is shouting the news of spring in the vault of the sky. I am thinking of the eternal delights of this wonderful world, and not of the mess that man has made of his own part in it. I am in that

mood in which I can find nothing in my head except one glorious, intoxicating refrain :

> And oh, she danced in such a way,
> No sun upon an Easter Day
> Was half so fine a sight.

For the sun is high and the sky is blue, and the blossom is on the almond tree. I hear the whirr of cabs going by, and when I look up I see they are piled high with luggage, and, like the Tuscan gentlemen of old, I can "scarce forbear to cheer." For I am of the goodly company too, and when I have sung the praise of England I am going to take my reward. I, too, am going out to greet the spring in the woods and on the hillside. I am going to lean my ear in many a secret place and catch the ancient song of the earth that was sung before the cannon came and will endure when the cannon are dust. I know that nature, like man, is red in tooth and claw—

> Still do I that most fierce destruction see—
> The shark at savage prey,—the hawk at pounce—
> The Gentle Robin, like a Pard or Ounce,
> Ravening a worm.

But when the spring has come and the sun is dancing in the Easter sky it is the song of earth and not its dirge that we hear.

And where shall we hear that song more rapturously than in England? If this war has no other virtue, it will at least teach some of us to discover our own country, for we are compelled to stay here whether we like it or not. There are people who will take this as a trial, for they never think of a holiday except in terms of foreign places. I

have no animus against foreign places. I am catholic enough in my tastes to enjoy a good thing wherever I find it. But, take away the snow mountains and the glaciers, and what will the Continent give you that England will not rival. Short of the sublimity of the Oberland, I think, very little. I once climbed Kitzbuhlhorn to see the sun rise over the Tyrol. It was a memorable experience, but for sheer magic a sunrise on Helvellyn is incomparably more wonderful. It is not merely the presence of the lakes gleaming like jewels in the deep valleys that gives the scene from Helvellyn the advantage over that from Kitzbuhlhorn : it is also the arrangement of the mountains. For it is the disposition of mountains as much as their altitude that makes for effect.

Take the Malvern hills, for example. The highest point, Worcester Beacon, is only about 1,500 ft. high ; but how boldly it rises from the plain, what an impressive, leonine fellow it looks. And what a panorama one has from its summit. A score of counties are spread out before you, and in one sweep of the eye you take in the whole country from the hills beyond Birmingham to the shining path of the Bristol Channel, and from the hills of Oxfordshire to the Black Mountain in Wales. It is doubtful whether any other range of hills of so inconsiderable an elevation makes so noble a feature of the landscape and offers so spacious a sky and so wide a horizon. I think I would go to the Malvern Hills forthwith, but for the fact that I love those hills best when the cuckoo has come, and but for the further fact that

there are so many other suitors whose claims must be considered.

It is, indeed, the inexhaustible variety of the English scenery that makes the problem of choosing a holiday ground at Easter so hard. There flashes across my mind as I write the vision of Dartmoor, for example, and I am seized with a wild desire to alter the address on my bag forthwith. For what is there like that great primeval boss on the face of nature, with its sense of antiquity, its romantic, castellated peaks and its wonderful sunsets that inspired T. E. Brown with one of his most memorable poems? Unique is an ugly and much-abused word, but it is the word that fits that mighty hump on the back of Devon. And when you are in Devon, do not forget the coast. North and south there are such walks by the sea as you will find hardly anywhere else. That walk from Sidmouth to Teignmouth—a stout pair of legs can do it in a day—will give you all the feeling of an Italian tour, for the combination of the red cliffs, the blue sea and sky and the brown moors has in it a strange and beautiful sense of the warm south that will glow in the memory all your days.

And now my praise is done, not because the subject is exhausted, but because the train waits and because everyone can fill in the blanks according to his own taste and experience. Rowland Hill said that the love of God was like a generous roast of beef—you could cut and come again. So it is with the riches of our land. Let us improve the hours of our imprisonment by discovering England.

Down the Valley of the Avon in Wiltshire

By William Cobbett (1762–1835)

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn; and, The labourer is worthy of his reward."—Deuteronomy xxv. 4; 1 Cor. ix. 9; 1 Tim. v. 9.

Milton,
Monday, 28 August.

I came off this morning on the Marlborough road about two miles, or three, and then turned off, over the downs, in a north-westerly direction, in search of the source of the Avon river, which goes down to Salisbury. I had once been at Nether-avon, a village in this valley; but I had often heard this valley described as one of the finest pieces of land in all England; I knew that there were about thirty parish churches, standing in a length of about thirty miles, and in an average width of hardly a mile; and I was resolved to see a little into the *reasons* that could have induced our fathers to build all these churches, especially if, as the Scotch would have us believe, there were but a mere handful of people in England *until of late years*. . . .

In steering across the down, I came to a large farm, which a shepherd told me was Milton Hill Farm. This was upon the high land, and before I came to the edge of this *Valley of Avon*, which was my land of promise; or at least, of great expectation; for I could not imagine that thirty churches had been built *for nothing* by the side of a brook (for it is no more during the greater part of the way) thirty miles long. The shepherd showed me the way towards Milton; and at the end of about a mile, from the top of a very high part of the down, with a steep slope towards the valley, I first saw this *Valley of Avon;* and a most beautiful sight it was! Villages, hamlets, large farms, towers, steeples, fields, meadows, orchards, and very fine timber trees, scattered all over the valley. The shape of the thing is this: on each side *downs*, very lofty and steep in some places, and sloping miles back in other places; but each *out-side* of the valley are downs. From the edge of the downs begin capital *arable fields*, generally of very great dimensions, and, in some places, running a mile or two back into little *cross-valleys*, formed by hills of downs. After the corn-fields come *meadows* on each side, down to the *brook* or *river*. The farm-houses, mansions, villages, and hamlets are generally situated in that part of the arable land which comes nearest the meadows.

Great as my expectations had been, they were more than fulfilled. I delight in this sort of country; and I had frequently seen the vale of the Itchen, that of the Bourn, and also that of the Teste in Hampshire; I had seen the vales amongst

the South Downs ; but I never before saw anything to please me like this valley of the Avon. I sat upon my horse and looked over Milton and Easton and Pewsey for half an hour, though I had not breakfasted. The hill was very steep. A road, going slanting down it, was still so steep, and washed so very deep by the rains of ages, that I did not attempt to *ride* down it, and I did not like to lead my horse, the path was so narrow. So seeing a boy with a drove of pigs going out to the stubbles, I beckoned him to come up to me ; and he came and led my horse down for me. . . . Endless is the variety in the shape of the high lands which form this valley. Sometimes the slope is very gentle, and the arable lands go back very far. At others, the downs come out into the valley almost like piers into the sea, being very steep in their sides, as well as their ends towards the valley. They have no slope at their other ends : indeed they have no *back ends*, but run into the main high lands. There is also great variety in the width of the valley ; great variety in the width of the meadows ; but the land appears all to be of the very best ; and it must be so, for the farmers confess it.

From the top of the hill I was not a little surprised to see, in every part of the valley that my eye could reach, a due, a large, portion of fields of swedish turnips, all looking extremely well. I had found the turnips of both sorts by no means bad from Salt Hill to Newbury ; but from Newbury through Burghclere, Highclere, Uphusband, and Tangley, I had seen but few. At and about Ludgarshall and Everley I had seen hardly any. But

when I came this morning to Milton Hill Farm, I saw a very large field of what appeared to me to be fine swedish turnips. In the valley, however, I found them much finer, and the fields were very beautiful objects, forming, as their colour did, so great a contrast with that of the fallows and the stubbles, which latter are, this year, singularly clean and bright.

Having gotten to the bottom of the hill, I proceeded on to the village and the church of Milton. I left Easton away on my right, and I did not go up to Watton Rivers where the river Avon rises, and which lies just close to the south-west corner of Marlborough Forest, and at about 5 or 6 miles from the town of Marlborough. Lower down the river, as I thought, there lived a friend, who was a great farmer, and whom I intended to call on. It being my way, however, always to begin making inquiries soon enough, I asked the pig-driver where this friend lived; and, to my surprise, I found that he lived in the parish of Milton. After riding up to the church, as being the centre of the village, I went on towards the house of my friend, which lay on my road down the valley. I have many, many times witnessed agreeable surprise; but I do not know that I ever in the whole course of my life saw people so much surprised and pleased as this farmer and his family were at seeing me. People often *tell* you that they are *glad to see* you; and in general they speak truth. I take pretty good care not to approach any house, with the smallest appearance of a design to eat or

drink in it, unless I be *quite sure* of a cordial reception; but my friend at Fifield (it is in Milton parish) and all his family really seemed to be delighted beyond all expression.

When I set out this morning, I intended to go all the way down to the city of Salisbury *to-day;* but I soon found that to refuse to sleep at Fifield would cost me a great deal more trouble than a day was worth. So that I made my mind up to stay in this farm-house, which has one of the nicest gardens, and it contains some of the finest flowers, that I ever saw, and all is disposed with as much good taste as I have ever witnessed. Here I am, then, just going to bed after having spent as pleasant a day as I ever spent in my life.

A RIDE FROM MALMSBURY IN WILTSHIRE

STROUD (GLOUCESTERSHIRE),
Tuesday Forenoon, 12 *Sept.* 1826.

I SET off from Malmsbury this morning at 6 o'clock, in as sweet and bright a morning as ever came out of the heavens, and leaving behind me as pleasant a house and as kind hosts as I ever met with in the whole course of my life, either in England or America; and that is saying a great deal indeed. This circumstance was the more pleasant, as I had never before either seen or heard of these kind, unaffected, sensible, *sans-façons*, and

most agreeable friends. From Malmsbury I first came, at the end of five miles, to Tutbury, which is in Gloucestershire, there being here a sort of dell, or ravine, which, in this place, is the boundary line of the two counties, and over which you go on a bridge, one half of which belongs to each county. And now, before I take my leave of Wiltshire, I must observe that, in the whole course of my life (days of *courtship* excepted, of course), I never passed seventeen pleasanter days than those which I have just spent in Wiltshire. It is, especially in the southern half, just the sort of country that I like; the weather has been pleasant; I have been in good houses and amongst good and beautiful gardens; and, in *every* case, I have not only been most kindly entertained, but my entertainers have been of just the stamp that I like.

I saw again, this morning, large flocks of *gold-finches* feeding on the thistle-seed on the roadside. The French call this bird by a name derived from the thistle; so notorious has it always been that they live upon this seed. *Thistle* is, in French, *chardon;* and the French call this beautiful little bird *char-donaret.* I never could have supposed that such flocks of these birds would ever be seen in England. But it is a great year for all the feathered race, whether wild or tame: naturally so, indeed; for every one knows that it is the *wet*, and not the *cold*, that is injurious to the breeding of birds of all sorts, whether land-birds or water-birds. They say that there are, this year, double the usual quantity of ducks and geese: and, really, they do seem to swarm in the farm-yards, wherever I go. It is a

great mistake to suppose that ducks and geese *need* water, except to drink. There is, perhaps, no spot in the world, in proportion to its size and population, where so many of these birds are reared and fatted as in Long Island; and it is not in one case out of ten that they have any ponds to go to, or that they ever see any water other than water that is drawn up out of a well.

A little way before I got to Tutbury I saw a woman digging some potatoes in a strip of ground making part of a field nearly an oblong square, and which field appeared to be laid out in strips. She told me that the field was part of a farm (to the homestead of which she pointed); that it was, by the farmer, *let out* in strips to labouring people; that each strip contained a rood (or quarter of a statute acre); that each married labourer rented one strip; and that the annual rent was *a pound* for the strip. Now the taxes being all paid by the farmer; the fences being kept in repair by him; and, as appeared to me, the land being exceedingly good: all these things considered, the rent does not appear to be too high.—This fashion is certainly a *growing* one; it is a little step towards a coming back to the ancient small life and leaseholds and common-fields! This field of strips was, in fact, a sort of common-field; and the "agriculturists," as the conceited asses of landlords call themselves, at their clubs and meetings, might, and they would if their skulls could admit any thoughts except such as relate to high prices and low wages; they might, and they would, begin to suspect that the "dark age" people were not so very foolish when they

had so many common-fields, and when almost every man that had a family had also a bit of land, either large or small. It is a very curious thing that the enclosing of commons, that the shutting out of the labourers *from all share* in the land ; that the prohibiting of them to look at a wild animal, almost at a lark or a frog ; it is curious that this hard-hearted system should have gone on until at last it has produced effects so injurious and so dangerous to the grinders themselves that they have, of their own accord and for their own safety, begun to make a step towards the ancient system, and have, in the manner I have observed, made the labourers sharers, in some degree, in the uses, at any rate, of the soil. The far greater part of these strips of land have potatoes growing in them ; but in some cases they have borne wheat, and in others barley, this year ; and these have now turnips ; very young most of them, but in some places very fine, and in every instance nicely hoed out. The land that will bear 400 bushels of potatoes to the acre will bear 40 bushels of wheat ; and the ten bushels of wheat to the quarter of an acre would be a crop far more valuable than a hundred bushels of potatoes, as I have proved many times in the *Register*.

House Boats at Henley

Wells Cathedral

THE OLD COUNTRY[1]

By E. V. Lucas

I

O England, country of my heart's desire,
Land of the hedgerow and the village spire,
Land of thatched cottages and murmuring bees,
And wayside inns where one may take one's ease,
Of village greens where cricket may be played,
And fat old spaniels sleeping in the shade.—
O homeland, far away across the main,
How would I love to see your face again!—
Your daisied meadows and your grassy hills,
Your primrose banks, your parks, your tinkling rills,
Your copses where the purple bluebells grow,
Your quiet lanes where lovers loiter so,
Your cottage-gardens with their wallflowers' scent,
Your swallows 'neath the eaves, your sweet content!
And 'mid the fleecy clouds that o'er you spread,
Listen, the skylark singing overhead. . . .
That's the old country, that's the old home!
You never forget it wherever you roam.

[1] Written for a Gramophone Record.

II

I know an English village, O so small !
Where every cottage has a whitewashed wall,
And every garden has a sweetbriar hedge,
And there's a cat on every window ledge.
And there's a cottage there with those within it
Whom I in fancy visit every minute.
O little village mine, so far away,
How would I love to visit you to-day !
To lift the latch and peep within the door
And join the happy company once more—
I think I'd try and catch them at their tea :
What a surprise for every one 'twould be !
How we would talk and laugh, maybe and cry,
Living our lost years over, they and I ;
And then at dusk I'd seek the well-known lane
To hear the English nightingale again . . .
That's the old country, that's the old home !
You never can beat it wherever you roam.

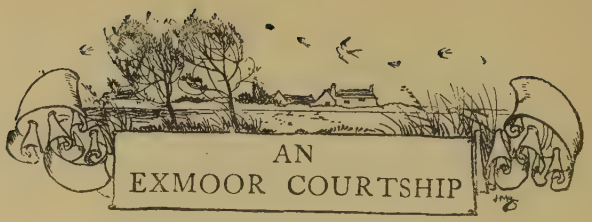
III

O London once my home but now so far,
You shine before me brighter than a star !
By night I dream of you, by day I long
To be the humblest even of your throng :
Happy, however poor, however sore,
Merely because a Londoner once more.
Your sights, your sounds, your scents—I miss them all :
Your coloured buses racing down Whitehall ;
The fruit stalls in the New Cut all aflare ;
The Oval with its thousands gathered there ;

The Thames at evening in a mist of blue ;
Old Drury with a hundred yards of queue.
Your sausage shops, your roads of gleaming mud,
Your pea-soup fogs—they're in my very blood ;
And there's no music to my ears so sweet
As all the noisy discord of the street . . .
That's my dear London, that's my old home,
I'll never forget it wherever I roam.

IV

And ah ! the London pleasure parties too !—
The steamboat up to Hampton Court or Kew ;
The walk among the deer in Richmond Park ;
The journey back, all jolly, in the dark !
To Epping Forest up the Mile End Road,
Passing the donkey barrows' merry load ;
Or nearer home, to Hampstead for a blow :
To watch old London smouldering below ;
Between the Spaniard's and Jack Straw's to pace
And feel the northern breezes in one's face ;
Then at the Bull and Bush perhaps to dine
And taste again their famous barley wine !
Ah me ! I wonder is it all the same ?
Is Easter Monday still the good old game ?
I hear it yet, though years have rolled away,
The maddening medley of Bank Holiday. . . .
That's my dear London, that's my true home,
I'll never forget it wherever I roam.



AN EXMOOR COURTSHIP

By Jan Brendon

Scene: The Kitchen in the Old Farmhouse at Challacoomb—Tamsin's House.

A big low-raftered room with one small window; bacon-vlitches and herbs hang on the rafters; over the clavvy-board hangs a gun; and a brass-kettle, two brass tops (of the old country tipstave pattern) without the sticks, two brass candlesticks, and two china-dogs fill up the board. A deep settle is at the fireside, set well into the open-hearth, over which a crock is hanging.

Characters.

Andrew Bagwell: a young Farmer.
Tamsin.
Gammer Nell: Gammer to Tamsin.

Andrew is standing by the settle, waiting, as the scene opens. To him, *enter* Tamsin, carrying in a basket of potatoes.

Andrew: Well, Tamsin; glad you're comed in, for es have a queston to put ta thee.

Tamsin: What quesson was et? But wait vurst, till 'es get thee a pitcher o' zyder and a crust o' bread-an'-cheeze!

Andrew: No, es thankee kindly, Tamsin! For es ate a crumb as es came up-along by Blake Moor.

Tamsin: Well, Andrer, zit ee down, zo as es scraäp the taters for denner.

Andrew: No, no! Hear ma vurst, Tamsie. Thar's questons wonnot wait on an onser.

Tamsin (*rubbing her hands on her apron*): What quesson was et? Ees don't know what quesson ee mean!

Andrew: Why, to tell tha flat and plain like, 'twas this,—"Woult ha ma, lass, ay or no?"

Tamsin: What, marry to eart one?[1] Ees wouldn't marry the best man in old England. 'Tis the zame answer ees gie'd thee avore. And more than that, Andra,—aa'm told tha keeps company with Margery Hosegood, that thonging chockling maid,—that gurt fustilug.[2] Her's a prating piece. If you keep her company, ees will ha' no more to zay to tha.

Andrew: Ha,—this is Jo's scandalous flim-flam. He would do me an ill turn, and ha' thee to himzelf, he would.

Tamsin: No! 'tes none of Jo's telling; but 'tis the cry of the country, zo 'tis.

Andrew: Ah bet 'twas Jo's tale. He would lee a rope upreert. He wou'd tell dildrams upon any Chresson zoul, zo he would! If I come athwart en, chell[3] gi' en a lick,—chell plim en, thrash en, tan en. (*He breaks into a great passion, doubles his fists, and roars out his words in blind fury.*) Ay, chell gi' en one in the chaps; chell curry his coat vor en; chell gie en such a zwipe athirt hes ugly veäce; chell gie en a whapper, and a wherret, and a whisterpoop. Chell baste en to the bone!

Tamsin: Hearky a bit, Andra. Why be in such a burstin' fume? Es afraid tha would treat

[1] Any one. [2] Great bag of bones. [3] I shall.

oi the zame es that, once we was married. As men is avore, so men is after tha's married, aa'm told!

Andrew (*making a great effort to recover himself, his chest heaving, as he mops his forehead*): If that is how tha feels, Tamsin, 'tes good-bye to tha, zo 'tes.

Tamsin: Nay, hearky now, Andra! why sitch a hurry on tha? Tak a zup o' zyder avore tha goes to cool tha! (*Proffers the mug.*)

Andrew: Es won't drenk neither,—except yus vurst kiss and make friends.

Tamsin: Hush, lad! Here comes Gammer Nell! (*She passes lightly within reach,—he gets in a kiss before Gammer Nell enters.*)

Andrew (*with a smile broad as a barn-floor*): Good den, good den, Gammer. How goeth et wi' ye?

Gammer Nell: Why vaith, Andra!—had a crick in ma back, last night; but tha hes a zmile on tha would cure any crick. What makes tha zmile zo zleckie?[1] Hes et anything to do with Tamsie, dost tha thenk?

Tamsie: Have a told Andra es am afraid to marry en. But he has behave zo mild an' kind, as es am not so veared as avore!

Anarew: What dost tha zay, Gammer?

Gammer (*pushing Tamsin over to him*): Take tha baggage; and bless ye both. Her's a tyrant maid to work. Her will make thee a good besom vor tha hearth, Andra!

(*Andrew takes Tamsin into his arms.*) [CURTAIN.

[1] slily?

WILD AUSTRALIA

From the "Voyage to Terra Australis, 1802"
By Matthew Flinders

Early in the morning, I went on shore to the eastern land, anxious to ascertain its connexion with, or separation from, the main. There were seals upon the beach, and further on, numberless traces of the kangaroo. Signs of extinguished fire existed everywhere; but they bespoke a conflagration of the woods, of remote date, rather than the habitual presence of men, and might have arisen from lightning, or from the friction of two trees in a strong wind. Upon the whole I satisfied myself of the insularity of this land; and gave to it, shortly after, the name of Thistle's Island, from the master who accompanied me. In our way up the hills, to take a commanding station for the survey, a speckled, yellow snake lay asleep before us. By pressing the butt end of a musket upon his neck, I kept him down whilst Mr. Thistle, with a sail needle and twine, sewed up his mouth; and he was taken on board alive, for the naturalist to examine; but two others of the same species had already been killed, and one of them was seven feet, nine inches in length. We were proceeding onward with our prize, when a white eagle, with fierce aspect and outspread wing, was seen bounding towards us; but stopping short, at twenty yards off, he flew up into

a tree. Another bird of the same kind discovered himself by making a motion to pounce down upon us as we passed underneath; and it seemed evident that they took us for kangaroos, having probably never before seen an upright animal in the island, of any other species. These birds sit watching in the trees, and should a kangaroo come out to feed in the day time, it is seized and torn to pieces by these voracious creatures. This accounted for why so few kangaroos were seen, when traces of them were met at every step; and for their keeping so much under thick bushes that it was impossible to shoot them. Their size was superior to any of those found upon the more western islands, but much inferior to the forest kangaroo of the continent. . . .

At dusk in the evening, the cutter was seen under sail, returning from the mainland; but not arriving in half an hour, and the sight of it having been lost rather suddenly, a light was shown and Lieutenant Fowler went in a boat, with a lanthorn, to see what might have happened. Two hours passed without receiving any tidings. A gun was then fired, and Mr. Fowler returned soon afterward, but alone. Near the situation where the cutter had been last seen, he met with so strong a rippling of tide that he himself narrowly escaped being upset; and there was reason to fear that it had actually happened to Mr. Thistle. Had there been day-light, it is probable that some or all of the people might have been picked up; but it was too dark to see anything, and no answer could be heard to the hallooing, or to the firing of muskets. The

tide was setting to the southward and ran an hour and a half after the missing boat had been last seen, so that it would be carried to seaward in the first instance; and no more than two out of the eight people being at all expert in swimming, it was much to be feared that most of them would be lost.

At day-break I got the ship under way, and steered across Thorny Passage, over to the main-land in the direction where the cutter had been seen; keeping an officer at the mast-head, with a glass, to look out for her. There were many strong ripplings, and some uncommonly smooth places where a boat, which was sent to sound, had twelve fathoms. We passed to the northward of all these; and seeing a small cove with a sandy beach, steered in and anchored in ten fathoms, sandy bottom; the main land extending from north-half-west, round by the west and south to east-south-east, and the open space being partly sheltered by the northern islands of the passage.

A boat was despatched in search of the lost cutter, and presently returned towing in the wreck, bottom upward; it was stove in every part, having to all appearance been dashed against the rocks. One of the oars was afterwards found, but nothing could be seen of our unfortunate ship-mates. The boat was again sent away in search; and a mid-shipman was stationed upon a head-land, without side of the cove, to observe everything which might drift past with the tide. Mr. Brown and a party landed to walk along the shore to the northward, whilst I proceeded to the southern extremity of the main-land, which was now named Cape Catastrophe.

On landing at the head of the cove, I found several footmarks of our people, made on the preceding afternoon when looking for water; and in my way up the valley I prosecuted the same research, but ineffectually, although there were many huts and other signs that natives had resided there lately.

From the heights near the extremity of Cape Catastrophe, I examined with a glass the islands lying off, and all the neighbouring shores for any appearance of our people, but in vain; I therefore took a set of angles for the survey, and returned on board; and on comparing notes with the different parties, it appeared that no further information had been obtained of our unfortunate companions.

Next morning I went in a boat ten miles along the shore to the northward, in the double view of continuing the search, and carrying on the survey. All the little sinuosities of the coast were followed, and in one place I picked up a small keg, which had belonged to Mr. Thistle, and also some broken pieces of the boat; but these were all that could be discovered.

"Away they went, Twenty Couple at once"

MR. FEZZIWIG'S BALL

By Charles Dickens (1812–1870)

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When

this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest, upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a bran-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! The sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many—ah, four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term.. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would have become

of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and curtsey, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back-shop.

SONG-MEN ALL

By Percy A. Scholes

"Song-men all—and very good ones."
Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale.*

Last night, at a Rest Camp on the coast of France, I tried to give a lecture—and failed. For the rain pattered on the roof of the tent, poured through the weak places in the canvas, soaked our clothes, ran down our necks, and turned the floor into a big puddle of sloppy sand. There was one casualty from this flood—my voice was drowned.

Had the Senate of the University which sent me to France to lecture on music been sitting in their respectable solid rows before the platform, they might at first have deplored the failure of their efforts and of mine. But not for long—for soon, in place of musical instruction to the men, we had music itself by them. And a body of twelve or fifteen hundred sonorous masculine voices, led by a vigorous little choir on the platform, quickly stifled the last lingering echo of the raging storm around and without.

There is a magic about the old songs, and, for the moment, men from every regiment in the Fifth Army forgot the storm, forgot their Rest Camp in France, forgot the fierce fight of the day before yesterday, forgot the friends left lying on the fields

of Flanders. And, in vision, they saw, as they sang, the banks and braes "where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond," the Cumberland hills where aforetime hunted old grey-coated John Peel, the purple mountains of Wales—"land of the mist and the wild,"—the silvery shimmer on the inlets and creeks of Killarney.

"Song-men all," said Shakespeare of some of the British peasantry gathered by chance at an Old English merrymaking, and so, too, we may say of the men from the villages and towns of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, Australia and Canada, South Africa and New Zealand, whom fate has sent overseas to fight the battle of Shakespeare's land and Shakespeare's ideal of life. For the British soldier is musical. Except between the hours of "Last Post" and "Revally" I defy you to find a camp in France without some music going forward.

And no sort of music comes amiss to the soldier. "To-night, 6.30. Classical concert," is an announcement that will crowd the Triangle hut, as a R.E. corporal told in a recent number of a musical journal. "Songs by Stanford and Vaughan Williams, and violin works by Coleridge Taylor, Hubay, Sarasate and Wieniawski, and Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto proved 'trump cards,'" says a private, in the same issue of the same paper. The favourite old French men's-voice piece, *Comrades in Arms*, sung by a choir of British soldiers, brought down the house at a military concert I attended in the theatre of a large Base town. Gramophone reproductions of the singing of Clara Butt and Plunket Greene, of John McCormack, Charles

Mott and Walter Hyde, and of the playing of Landon Ronald's New Symphony Orchestra have given delight to thousands of men I have met in the huts. Elgar's *Carillon* always grips a soldier audience. That capital ditty of the day, *Pack up your Troubles in your old Kit-bag*, has cheered a million men ; I know not the name of its composer, but he ought to be knighted for his services to the cause of the country.

All music is welcome, then, in the army, from that of the magnificent band of the Coldstreams, under the veteran Captain Mackenzie-Rogan, to that of the humble tin-whistler or mouth-organist —some whilom miner from South Wales or coster-monger from Bethnal Green.

They used sometimes to tell me that ours was not a musical country ; they still do so sometimes. Yet ours was the country that, at the opening of the fifteenth century, by the medium of old John of Dunstable, invented the modern art of musical composition. In the sixteenth century the courts of Europe sent to England for their skilled musicians, and the names of Dowland, Byrd, and Dr. John Bull were known to connoisseurs all over the Continent. That was the age of the development of keyboard music, and the works of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin and Scriabin are built on an English foundation. Then, in the seventeenth century, we had a giant in the person of Henry Purcell. Assuredly there is nothing inherently antipathetic to sweet sound in the make-up of the Briton, since for some centuries he led the world in the art of evoking and combining it. Shakespeare

loved music, so did Milton and Bunyan and Cromwell; so did Henry VIII and Elizabeth and Charles II. That was the age of British musical supremacy—the Golden Age of our national music. Its echoes sound perhaps but dimly nowadays in our national life, but we are beginning to listen for them; and in the British Army of to-day we find evidences in plenty that the spark of the old love of music is still alive, and needs but the breeze of opportunity to fan it into flame.

What music does Tommy love best? I should say—"his own." We have always been a great choral nation. "Song-men all—*and very good ones*," said Shakespeare, and throughout his plays we find the Englishman dropping naturally into free, unfettered song. So, too, in *Pilgrim's Progress:* "Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, *and went on singing*," says the Dreamer of Bedford Gaol. That was when his burden rolled away, and Christian remained ever after a singer, and at last entered the Celestial City to "melodious noise, in notes on high." In the days of Shakespeare and of Bunyan ours was a country of choral song, and to-day our country's soldiers love to sing.

What do they sing in the Army? "Music-hall chorus songs," say the Concert Party ladies, and so it is. Give Tommy something with a sentimental touch of home in the words, and you have him on his soft side. But he can sing something better than *Take me back to Blighty*, and the old songs with which the collective musical genius of generations of his ancestors dowered the world still have heir power to set in vibration a tender cord in his

manly heart. Again and again I have seen men hushed to the silence that means more than all applause, when the lovely old Welsh folk-song, *All through the Night*, wound its slow, graceful, curving course from the bell of the gramophone; and when, instead of performing the old songs to the soldier, you get him to perform them himself, you get something from him with a veritable thrill in it. "We had five hundred men straight out of the trenches," says a Y.M.C.A. concert artist. "They came in wet through, sat on the floor of the barn, and sang *A Hundred Pipers* in a way that plainly endangered the shell-damaged roof."

Try a Welsh regiment with *Land of My Fathers* (not an actual folk-song in origin this, but certainly a folk-song in character and feeling). Teach an English regiment *King Arthur*. Or give the Scots and Irishmen some of the old tunes of their countrysides, made famous the world over by the poetical genius of Burns and Moore. Nothing makes a stronger appeal than the good old song, and if I were a millionaire I would offer the Red Triangle the services of a thousand skilled choirmasters to train choirs in every camp and lead the great body of the men in the singing of the old songs of their own country.

When Drake of old sailed the Spanish Main, exploring and fighting, he carried with him, in his tiny cockleshell of a boat, men entered on its roll as "specially for music." The British Army of to-day has such men (and women), and splendid service the concert parties are doing. But the best music of all in France and Flanders, in Egypt and

India, in Mesopotamia and East Africa, is that which comes from Tommy's own throat and heart. British song triumphs over storm and desert, over the danger of the trenches and the boredom of the Base. The Briton is still a creature of song. "Song-men all—and very good ones." So in Shakespeare's day and so in ours!

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

By William Shakespeare

(1564–1616)

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

By William Makepeace Thackeray
(1811–1863)

Almost the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time.[1] One was the first Ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name; he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless smiling good-will. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay

[1] Washington Irving, died November 28, 1859; Lord Macaulay, died December 28, 1859.

us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancours, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilisation at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of goodwill and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindliness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains

the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect. I have found American writers, of wide-world reputation, strangely solicitous about the opinions of quite obscure British critics, and elated or depressed by their judgments; but Irving went home medalled by the King, diplomatised by the University, crowned and honoured and admired. He had not in any way intrigued for his honours, he had fairly won them; and, in Irving's instance, as in others, the old country was glad and eager to pay them.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment.[1] . . . It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hands from that harmless friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honoured and welcome. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was for ever swinging before visitors who came to him.

[1] Thackeray's *obiter dictum* in this essay about "party-wars" in America, referred to the year 1860, and may be omitted.

He shut out no one. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place; the gentleman of the press who took notes of the place, whilst his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the whole house in a couple of minutes.

And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr. Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after-life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature: or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms, because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only afford to keep one old horse (which, lazy and aged as it was, managed once or twice to run away with that careless old horseman). He could only afford to give plain sherry to that amiable British paragraph-monger from New York, who saw the patriarch asleep over his modest blameless cup, and fetched the

public into his private chamber to look at him. Irving could only live very modestly, because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labour and genius.

"*Be a good man, my dear.*" One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humoured, affectionate, self-denying: in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life.

THE EMPTY HOUSE

By Maurice Hewlett

The gate is padlockt, and the blinds
Close-drawn, the chimney's task is o'er ;
Pity the traveller who finds
His journey's ending at this door.

How still, how watchful ! Like a grave
It keeps the secret in its hold ;
The very tree-tops fear to wave,
The very shadows are acold.

Come in the garden. Cabbage stalks
Wither'd and bleacht in sorry rows ;
But arabis aligns the walks,
And still the golden wallflower blows ;

And tangled o'er the apple-stump
A budding Gloire or Maiden Blush ;
And there's a thriving lily-clump,
And *ribes* still a burning bush.

Tread lightly, for this place is haunted :
Who knows what guarded eyes might peer
Between those curtain-folds enchanted ?
The ghost of Love inhabits here.

Those curtains, poor and yet discreet—
I know not how they hold the air
Of hearts that must have loved and beat,
And drawn each other up the stair!

Pass lightly, lest the dead should waken;
Ask no more questions, lest the dumb
Should tell of love forsworn, forsaken:
Respect this house of shadows—come.

OLD ENGLISH WEATHER LORE

From "Notes and Queries"

If, in the fall of the leaves, many wither on the boughs and hang there, it betokens a frosty winter and much snow.

When the hern or bittern flies low, the air is gross, and thickening into showers.

The frogs' much croaking in ditches and pools, &c., in the evening, foretells rain in little time to follow: also, the sweating of stone pillars or tombs denotes rain.

The often doping or diving of water fowl foreshows rain is at hand.

The peacock's much crying denotes rain.

Rain before seven, fine before eleven.

A mackerel sky and mare's tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails.

At this time *Miss* Williams, as she was then called, though she did not reside with him in the Temple under his roof, but had lodgings in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, had so much of his attention, that he every night drank tea with her before he went home, however late it might be, and she always sat up for him. This, it may be fairly conjectured, was not alone a proof of his regard for *her*, but of his own unwillingness to go into solitude, before that unseasonable hour at which he had habituated himself to expect the oblivion of repose. Dr. Goldsmith, being a privileged man, went with him this night, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoterick over an exoterick disciple of a sage of antiquity, "I go to see Miss Williams." I confess, I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction.

On Tuesday the 5th of July, I again visited Johnson. He told me he had looked into the poems of a pretty voluminous writer, Mr. (now Dr.) John Ogilvie, one of the Presbyterian ministers of Scotland, which had lately come out, but could find

no thinking in them. BOSWELL. "Is there not imagination in them, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, there is in them what *was* imagination, but it is no more imagination in *him*, than sound is sound in the echo. And his diction too is not his own. We have long ago seen *white-robed innocence*, and *flower-bespangled meads*."

Talking of London, he observed, "Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists." —I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They, whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of government in its different departments; a grazier, as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man, as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change; a dramatick enthusiast, as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure, as an assemblage of taverns, and the great emporium for ladies of easy virtue. But the intellectual man is struck with it, as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.

On Wednesday, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, West-

Dr Johnson's House in
Inner Temple Lane.
Resided here from 1760 to 1765.

minster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as of a serious distress. He laughed, and said, "Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence."—Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently with good effect. "There is nothing (continued he) in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre." I told him that I had been at Sir John Fielding's office, complaining of my landlord, and had been informed, that though I had taken my lodgings for a year, I might, upon proof of his bad behaviour, quit them when I pleased, without being under an obligation to pay rent for any longer time than while I possessed them. The fertility of Johnson's mind could shew itself even upon so small a matter as this. "Why, Sir, (said he,) I suppose this must be the law, since you have been told so in Bow-street. But, if your landlord could hold you to your bargain, and the lodgings should be yours for a year, you may certainly use them as you think fit. So, Sir, you may quarter two life-guardmen upon him; or you may send the greatest scoundrel you can find

into your apartments; or you may say that you want to make some experiments in natural philosophy, and may burn a large quantity of assafœtida in his house."

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre tavern, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman, for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies, and the Reverend Mr. John Ogilvie, who was desirous of being in company with my illustrious friend, while I in my turn, was proud to have the honour of shewing one of my countrymen upon what easy terms Johnson permitted me to live with him.

Goldsmith, as usual, endeavoured, with too much eagerness, to *shine*, and disputed very warmly with Johnson against the well known maxim of the British constitution, "the King can do no wrong;" affirming, that, "what was morally false could not be politically true; and as the King might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he could do wrong." JOHNSON. "Sir, you are to consider, that in our constitution, according to its true principles, the King is the head, he is supreme: he is above every thing, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore it is, Sir, that we hold the King can do no wrong; that whatever may happen to be wrong in government may not be above our reach, by being ascribed to Majesty. Redress is always to be had against oppression, by punishing the immediate agents. The King, though he should

command, cannot force a Judge to condemn a man unjustly; therefore it is the Judge whom we prosecute and punish. Political institutions are formed upon the consideration of what will most frequently tend to the good of the whole, although now and then exceptions may occur. Thus it is better in general that a nation should have a supreme legislative power, although it may at times be abused. And then, Sir, there is this consideration, that *if the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.*" I mark this animated sentence with peculiar pleasure, as a noble instance of that truly dignified spirit of freedom which ever glowed in his heart, though he was charged with slavish tenets by superficial observers; because he was at all times indignant against that false patriotism, that pretended love of freedom, that unruly restlessness which is inconsistent with the stable authority of any good government.

WINDSOR CASTLE:
"It myght be called a Palace glorious"

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL
from the South-East

APRIL ON WAGON HILL

By Sir Henry Newbolt

Lad, and can you rest now,
There beneath your hill!
Your hands are on your breast now,
But is your heart so still?
'Twas the right death to die, lad,
A gift without regret,
But unless truth's a lie, lad,
You dream of Devon yet.

Ay, ay, the year's awaking,
The fire's among the ling,
The beechen hedge is breaking,
The curlew's on the wing;
Primroses are out, lad,
On the high banks of Lee,
And the sun stirs the trout, lad,
From Brendon to the sea.

I know what's in your heart, lad,—
The mare he used to hunt—
And her blue market-cart, lad,
With posies tied in front—
We miss them from the moor road,
They're getting old to roam,
The road they're on's a sure road
And nearer, lad, to home.

Your name, the name they cherish?
'Twill fade, lad, 'tis true:
But stone and all may perish
With little loss to you.
While fame's fame you're Devon, lad,
The glory of the West;
Till the roll's called in heaven, lad,
You may well take your rest.

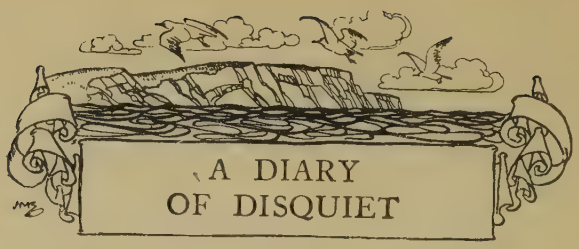
WINDSOR CASTLE

By Harrison Ainsworth (1805–1882)

In the twentieth year of the reign of the right high and puissant King Henry the Eighth, namely, in 1529, on the 21st of April, and on one of the loveliest evenings that ever fell on the loveliest district in England, a fair youth, having somewhat the appearance of a page, was leaning over the terrace wall on the north side of Windsor Castle, and gazing at the magnificent scene before him. On his right stretched the broad green expanse forming the Home Park, studded with noble trees, chiefly consisting of ancient oaks, of which England had already learnt to be proud, thorns as old or older than the oaks, wide-spreading beeches, tall elms, and hollies. The disposition of these trees was picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. Here, at the end of a sweeping vista, and in the midst of an open space, covered with the greenest sward, stood a mighty broad-armed oak, beneath whose ample boughs, though as yet almost destitute of foliage, while the sod beneath them could scarcely boast a head of fern, couched a herd of deer. There lay a thicket of thorns skirting a sand-bank, burrowed by rabbits; on this hand grew a dense, Druid-like grove, into whose intricacies the slanting sunbeams pierced; on that extended a long glade, formed by a natural avenue

of oaks, across which, at intervals, deer were passing. Nor were human figures wanting to give life and interest to the scene. Adown the glade came two keepers of the forest, having each a couple of buck-hounds with them in leash, whose baying sounded cheerily amid the woods. Nearer the castle, and bending their way towards it, marched a party of falconers with their well-trained birds, whose skill they had been approving, upon their fists, their jesses ringing as they moved along, while nearer still, and almost at the foot of the terrace wall, was a minstrel playing on a rebec, to which a keeper, in a dress of Lincoln green, with a bow over his shoulder, a quiver of arrows at his back, and a comely damsel under his arm, was listening.

On the left, a view altogether different in character, though scarcely less beautiful, was offered to the gaze. It was formed by the town of Windsor, then not a third of its present size, but incomparably more picturesque in appearance, consisting almost entirely of a long straggling row of houses, chequered black and white, with tall gables, and projecting storeys skirting the west and south sides of the castle, by the silver windings of the river, traceable for miles, and reflecting the glowing hues of the sky by the venerable College of Eton, embowered in a grove of trees, and by a vast tract of well-wooded and well-cultivated country beyond it, interspersed with villages, churches, old halls, monasteries, and abbeys.



A DIARY OF DISQUIET

By the Hon. Mrs. Stuart-Wortley

August 1st, 1914, found me staying with friends near Paris. The news looked uncomfortable. I consulted my hostess, who thought me unnecessarily fussy and pooh-poohed the possibility of war. "However," she said, "if you like we will go to Paris and glean the latest." We went, lunched at a restaurant with the Austrian Ambassador, and gleaned nothing! In the afternoon I went with Princess I. to Lucille, the dressmaker, where she ordered several things. "I am off to-night to Munich," she said. I heard later that she only escaped by the skin of her teeth—the police visited her apartment next day to arrest her as a spy. I wonder if she ever got her new gowns.

In spite of the imperturbable ambassador, I decided to return to England. The boat was packed, and I only secured a berth by favour of the steward, an old friend. At Southampton I had telegraphed to the car to meet me, and in that I sped to a hospitable house near Oxford. In the middle of dinner our host, a partner in a large armament firm, was called up on the telephone to consult what should be done with two ships of war just completed for Turkey, paid for, and on the eve of delivery. It was decided to keep them.

Next day, Sunday, the newspapers were palpitating; France was mobilising. What were *we* going to do? In the afternoon we drove over to a celebrated house in the neighbourhood, belonging to a Radical statesman. Tea was partaken of in a summer-house overhanging the river, a butler and two footmen waiting on us. The Radical statesman was in London, conferring with other Radical statesmen whether England should fight or not. No decision reached. Monday, Bank Holiday, tension greater than ever. Major S., one of the party, was recalled to his regiment. (Of the five men who sat down to dinner that night, three were killed within a few months, the other two were not of military age.)

I motored south, spending a night with my sister in Surrey. She was trying to mitigate the food scare in the village; prices had jumped up enormously and shops were besieged.

Motored further south to the Hampshire coast. We stood on the cliff and watched the fleet disperse after the Spithead review. As the long line of battleships and cruisers passed along the horizon, my brother-in-law exclaimed, "Well, at any rate, the German fleet must be wiped off the seas." One didn't imagine that the fighting was going to be done by submarines under the water, rather than by dreadnoughts.

Next week I went north again to Derby, where the T—— Division was quartered, and stayed for a few days at one of the largest houses in the neighbourhood. The last time I had been there, the party in the house numbered, all told, some 140 people;

racing and shooting, riding and golf were the amusements. This time the staff consisted of one old manservant, a kitchenmaid, and a housemaid or two. The stables were empty, the gardens deserted, horses and men had all "joined up"; the upholsterer was taking orders for converting the long galleries into hospital wards; a Red Cross meeting of all the county representatives was held in the ballroom; from every side came offers of houses to be used as hospitals; eager ladies begged to be allowed immediately to start work parties, organise nursing classes, mobilise their V.A.D. detachments. Zeal outran official instructions. Presently the Division moved to Bedfordshire. Eighty or ninety per cent. had volunteered for service in France; it was a very high average. These were the days of the retreat from Mons, though at the time we at home did not fully realise all the splendour of the deeds our men were accomplishing in Belgium and France, nor all the horrors perpetrated by the Germans. August and September of 1914 were beautiful months, and it was hard to believe in war, devastation, ruin and death, when at home the fields were radiant with a golden harvest and flocks and herds grazed peacefully. Soon, however, the scene began to change; khaki-clad figures seemed to ooze out of the ground, and the impedimenta of armies congested the lanes and spread over the fields; trenches yawned, barbed-wire entanglements arose, and field guns rattled while gaping children looked on from the hedgerows in bewildered agitation. Distinguished generals came down to inspect, amongst others Lord Roberts, whose grave, quiet face betrayed poignant anxiety as

he studied these civilian soldiers, set to master the art of war in a few short months.

My fellow-workers at my first camp were typical of the strangely assorted body of people roped in to the service of the association. The leader was a rather narrow-minded C.O.E. man, with uncouth and uningratiating manners; a bandy-legged Yorkshire miner, with a heart of gold and a ready wit; and an elderly Scotch schoolmaster, whose sense of humour was immensely tickled by the scant ceremony he received as a bar-tender, struggling rather clumsily with bottles and buns and horse artillerymen in a violent hurry. He, before whose slightest word many generations of small boys had trembled, who all his life had been admonishing backsliders for infringing the Sabbath,—here he was, working like a black, selling pop and fags with all the celerity he could on the day when to whistle had been a crime. And yet he enjoyed it! The C.O.E. man didn't like me; he admitted he had never worked with a woman, and hated the necessity. I told him it was one of the evils of war, and he would have to get accustomed to it. I suppose we were all four poles apart in our ideas, and but for the war would never have been thrown together. There was no time to talk theology, though the dominie would have loved a controversy. He didn't admire the Church of England chaplain who conducted the Sunday service. He thought his address singularly lacking in doctrinal stamina.

A Triangle hut in those days had a feverish atmosphere. Units did not remain long, they would slip away in the night at very few hours'

notice, and our last attention to them was to provide hot tea and coffee at the railway siding just before they started for an unknown destination.

Strangely stirred they were, poor fellows; the horrors of war were realised to the full now that the eagerness of the first contingents had worn off. Those who worked amongst the men needed no more reward than the handshake and the mute farewell in the honest eyes that looked over the counter on the last night before the hasty flitting. All the Britisher's love of home and familiar things, and his utter inability to express any of it, lay in that grip and the dog-like, lingering look. All the men have felt what only a few have found words to express in those wonderful poems that have come to us from soldier pens at the Front. The fond memory of village scenes and country lanes and flowering hedges, the wife, the child, the joy of youth, the proud gladness of physical strength, the warm sense of comradeship and the conviction of duty.

The Frenchman can describe his sensations in glowing words of fiery inspiration, the Englishman is inarticulate in the hour of his greatest trial, or pitifully inapt. When he says he is "fed up" with the war, or that it is a "bit much," he really means that his heart is sick with anguish and that his whole being cries out against the senseless cruelty of the thing he is engaged in. As the Psalmist puts it, "I could roar for the very disquietude of my soul."

Of all the names that stand out in this war the one most often on people's lips is not that of a

successful general, nor a leading statesman, nor even one of the numerous distinguished controllers! It is the name of a soldier poet, Rupert Brooke, and that is just because he, lying in his grave on an island of the Eastern Mediterranean, is symbolical to us of all the bright youth of the nation, whose generous blood has been spilt, whose splendid young bodies have been mutilated in a struggle that should never have been. And yet they have never murmured, they have laid down their lives unhesitatingly, proud to die, willing to suffer, surrendering all they have or hope to have if the country needs the sacrifice. It is the young men who are buying back for all of us the sense of heroism, the impulse towards higher and better things, the wider horizon, the spiritual vision. They are dying that we may live.

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND

By Helen Gray Cone

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love,—
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not,—
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The Spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's,—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?

SALISBURY SPIRE

By altars old their banners fade
Beneath dear spires; their names are set
In minster aisle, in yew-tree shade;
Their memories fight for England yet.

Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendour eternal,
England!

ENGLAND OF MY HEART

By Edward Hutton

England of my heart is a great country of hill and valley, moorland and marsh, full of woodlands, meadows, and all manner of flowers, and everywhere set with steadings and dear homesteads, old farms and old churches of grey stone or flint, and peopled by the kindest and quietest people in the world. To the south, the east, and the west it lies in the arms of its own seas, and to the north it is held too by water, the waters, fresh and clear, of the two rivers as famous as lovely, Thames and Severn, of which poets are most wont to sing, as Spenser when he invokes the first:

> "Sweet Themmes runne softly till I end my song";

or Dryden when he tells us of the second:

> "The goodly Severn bravely sings
> The noblest of her British kings,
> At Cæsar's landing what we were,
> And of the Roman conquest here. . . ."

Within England of my heart, in the whole breadth of her delight, there is no industrial city such as infests, ruins, and spoils other lands, and in this she resembles her great and dear mother Italy. Like her, too, she is full of very famous towns scarcely to be matched for beauty and ancientness in the rest of the world, and their names which are like the words of a great poet, and which it is

a pleasure to me to recite, are Canterbury, Chichester, Winchester, Salisbury, Bath, Wells, Exeter, and her ports, whose names are as household words, even in Barbary, are Dover, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Falmouth, and Bristol. All these she may well boast of, for what other land can match them quite?

But there is a certain virtue of hers of which she is perhaps unaware, that is nevertheless among her greatest delights: I mean her infinite variety. Thus she is a true country, not a province; indeed, she is made up of many counties and provinces, and each is utterly different from other, and their different genius may be caught by the attentive in their names, which are Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, and Berkshire. Her variety thus lies in them and their dear, and let us hope, immortal differences and characteristics, their genius that is, which is as various as their scenery. For England of my heart not only differs fundamentally from every other country of the known world, but from itself in its different parts, and that radically. Thus in one part you have ranges of chalk-hills, such as no other land knows, so regular, continuous, and tremendous withal, that you might think some army of archangels—and such might well abide there—had thrown them up as their vast and beautiful fortifications, being good Romans and believing in the value of such things, and not as the heathen despising them. These chalk downs are covered, as indeed becomes things so old, with turf, the smoothest, softest, and sweetest under the sun.

There are other hills also that catch the breath, and these be those of the west. They all bear the beautiful names of home, as Mendip, Quantock, Brendon, and Cotswold. And as there are hills, so there are plains, plains uplifted, such as that great silent grassland above Salisbury, plains lonely, such as the Weald and the mysterious marsh of Romney in the east by which all good things go out of England as the legions went, and as, alas, the Faith went too, another Roman thing many hundred years ago. There is also that great marsh in the west by the lean and desolate sea, more mysterious by far, whence a man may see far off the great and solemn mountains of another land. By that marsh the Faith came into England of my heart, and there lies in ruin the greatest of its shrines in loving but alien hands, and desolate.

I have said nothing of the valleys: they are too many and too fair, from the fairest of all through which Thames flows seaward, to those innumerable and more beloved where are for sure our homes. I say nothing of the rivers, for who could number them? Yet I will tell you of some if only for the beauty of their names, passing the names of all women but ours, as Thames itself, and Medway, Stour, and Ouse and Arun and Rother; Itchen and Test, Hampshire streams; and those five which are like the fingers of an outstretched hand about Salisbury in the meads, Bourne and Avon and Wylye and Nadder and Ebble; and those of the West, Brue, which is holiest of all, though all be holy, Exe and Barle, Dart and Taw, Fal under the sloping woods, Tamar, which is an eastern girdle

to a duchy, and Camel, which kissed the feet of Iseult, and is lost ere it finds the sea.

And yet, perhaps, the chief thing that remains with the mere sojourner in this country of mine, the true old England, is that in the whole breadth of it, it is one vast graveyard. Do you not know those long barrows that cast their shadows at evening upon the lonely downs, those round tumuli that are dark even in the sun, where lie the men of the old time before us, our forefathers? Do you not know the grave of the Roman, the mystery that seems to lurk outside the western gate of the forgotten city that was once named in the Roman itinerary and now is nothing? Do you not know many an isolated hill often dark with pines, but, more often still, lonely and naked where they lie of whom we are come, with their enemies, and they call the place Battlebury or Danesbury, or for ever deserted like all battlefields it is nameless? If you know not these you know not England of my heart, for all is a part of us and of that mighty fruitful and abiding past out of which we are come, which alone we may really love, and which holds for ever safe for us our origins.

After all, we live a very little time, the future is not ours, we hold the present but by a brittle thread; it is the past that is in our hearts. And so it is that to go afoot through Southern England is not less than to appeal to something greater and wiser than ourselves, out of which we are come, to return to our origins, to appeal to history, to the divine history of the soul of a people.

A Defence of Detective Stories

G. K. Chesterton

In attempting to reach the genuine psychological reason for the popularity of detective stories, it is necessary to rid ourselves of many mere phrases. It is not true, for example, that the populace prefer bad literature to good, and accept detective stories because they are bad literature. The mere absence of artistic subtlety does not make a book popular. Bradshaw's Railway Guide contains few gleams of psychological comedy, yet it is not read aloud uproariously on winter evenings. If detective stories are read with more exuberance than railway guides, it is certainly because they are more artistic. Many good books have fortunately been popular ; many bad books, still more fortunately, have been unpopular. A good detective story would probably be even more popular than a bad one. The trouble in this matter is that many people do not realize that there is such a thing as a good detective story ; it is to them like speaking of a good devil. To write a story about a burglary is, in their eyes, a sort of spiritual manner of committing it. To persons of somewhat weak sensibility this is natural

enough; it must be confessed that many detective stories are as full of sensational crime as one of Shakespeare's plays.

There is, however, between a good detective story and a bad detective story as much, or rather more, difference than there is between a good epic and a bad one. Not only is a detective story a perfectly legitimate form of art, but it has certain definite and real advantages as an agent of the public weal.

The first essential value of the detective story lies in this, that it is the earliest and only form of popular literature in which is expressed some sense of the poetry of modern life. Men lived among mighty mountains and eternal forests for ages before they realized that they were poetical; it may reasonably be inferred that some of our descendants may see the chimney-pots as rich a purple as the mountain-peaks, and find the lamp-posts as old and natural as the trees. Of this realization of a great city itself as something wild and obvious the detective story is certainly the "Iliad." No one can have failed to notice that in these stories the hero or the investigator crosses London with something of the loneliness and liberty of a prince in a tale of elfland, that in the course of that incalculable journey the casual omnibus assumes the primal colours of a fairy ship. The lights of the city begin to glow like innumerable goblin eyes, since they are the guardians of some secret, however crude, which the writer knows and the reader does not. Every twist of the road is like a finger pointing to it; every fantastic skyline of chimney-

pots seems wildly and derisively signalling the meaning of the mystery.

This realization of the poetry of London is not a small thing. A city is, properly speaking, more poetic even than a countryside, for while Nature is a chaos of unconscious forces, a city is a chaos of conscious ones. The crest of the flower or the pattern of the lichen may or may not be significant symbols. But there is no stone in the street and no brick in the wall that is not actually a deliberate symbol—a message from some man, as much as if it were a telegram or a post-card. The narrowest street possesses, in every crook and twist of its intention, the soul of the man who built it, perhaps long in his grave. Every brick has as human a hieroglyph as if it were a graven brick of Babylon; every slate on the roof is as educational a document as if it were a slate covered with addition and subtraction sums. Anything which tends, even under the fantastic form of the minutiæ of Sherlock Holmes, to assert this romance of detail in civilization, to emphasize this unfathomably human character in flints and tiles, is a good thing. It is good that the average man should fall into the habit of looking imaginatively at ten men in the street even if it is only on the chance that the eleventh might be a notorious thief. We may dream, perhaps, that it might be possible to have another and higher romance of London, that men's souls have stranger adventures than their bodies, and that it would be harder and more exciting to hunt their virtues than to hunt their crimes. But since our great authors (with the admirable excep-

tion of Stevenson) decline to write of that thrilling mood and moment when the eyes of the great city, like the eyes of a cat, begin to flame in the dark, we must give fair credit to the popular literature which, amid a babble of pedantry and preciosity, declines to regard the present as prosaic or the common as commonplace. Popular art in all ages has been interested in contemporary manners and costume; it dressed the groups around the Crucifixion in the garb of Florentine gentlefolk or Flemish burghers. In the last century it was the custom for distinguished actors to present Macbeth in a powered wig and ruffles. How far we are ourselves in this age from such conviction of the poetry of our own life and manners may easily be conceived by anyone who chooses to imagine a picture of Alfred the Great toasting the cakes dressed in tourist's knickerbockers, or a performance of 'Hamlet' in which the Prince appeared in a frock-coat, with a crape band round his hat. But this instinct of the age to look back, like Lot's wife, could not go on for ever. A rude, popular literature of the romantic possibilities of the modern city was bound to arise. It has arisen in the popular detective stories, as rough and refreshing as the ballads of Robin Hood.

THE COUNTESS KATHLEEN O'SHEA

A VERY long time ago, there suddenly appeared in old Ireland two strange merchants of whom nobody had ever heard, but who spoke the old language of the country in its perfection. Their locks were black, and bound round with gold ; their garments were of rare magnificence. Both seemed of like age ; they appeared to be men of fifty, for their foreheads were wrinkled and their beards tinged with grey.

In the hostelry where the pompous chapmen alighted it was sought to penetrate their designs ; but in vain—they led a silent and retired life. And whilst they stopped there, they did nothing but count over and over again out of their money-bags pieces of gold, whose yellow brightness could be seen through the windows of their lodging.

"Gentlemen," said the landlady one day, "how is it that you are so rich, and that, being able to succour the public misery, you do no good works ?"

"Fair hostess," replied one of them, "we didn't like to present alms to the honest poor, in dread we might be deceived by make-believe paupers. Let want knock at our door, we shall open it."

The following day, when the rumour spread that two rich strangers had come, ready to lavish their

gold, a crowd besieged their dwelling; but the figures of those who came out were widely different. Some carried pride in their mien; others were shame-faced.

The two chapmen traded in souls for the demon. The souls of the aged was worth twenty pieces of gold, not a penny more; for Satan had had time to make his valuation. The soul of a matron was valued at fifty, when she was handsome, and a hundred when she was ugly. The soul of a young maiden fetched an extravagant sum; the freshest and purest flowers are the dearest.

At that time there lived in the city an angel of beauty, the Countess Kathleen O'Shea. She was the idol of the people and the providence of the indigent. As soon as she learned that these miscreants profited to the public misery to steal away hearts from God, she called to her butler.

"Patrick," said she to him, "how many pieces of gold in my coffers?"

"A hundred thousand."

"How many jewels?"

"The money's worth of the gold."

"How much property in castles, forests, and lands?"

"Double the rest."

"Very well, Patrick; sell all that is not gold; and bring me the account. I only wish to keep this mansion and the demesne that surrounds it."

Two days afterwards the orders of the pious Kathleen were executed, and the treasure was distributed to the poor in proportion to their wants. This did not suit the purposes of the Evil Spirit,

who found no more souls to purchase. Aided by an infamous servant, they broke into the retreat of the noble dame, and purloined from her the rest of her treasure. In vain she struggled with all her strength to save the contents of her coffers; the diabolical thieves were the stronger. If Kathleen had been able to make the sign of the Cross, she would have put them to flight, but her hands were captive. The evil deed was effected.

Then the poor called for aid to the plundered Kathleen, alas, to no good: she was able to succour their misery no longer; she had to abandon them to the temptation.

Meanwhile, but eight days had to pass before the grain and provender would arrive in abundance from the western lands. Eight such days were an age. Eight days required an immense sum to relieve the exigencies of the dearth, and the poor should either perish in the agonies of hunger, or, denying the holy maxims of the Gospel, vend, for base lucre, their souls, the richest gift from the bounteous hand of the Almighty. And Kathleen hadn't anything, for she had given up her mansion to the unhappy. She passed twelve hours in tears and mourning, rending her sun-tinted hair, and bruising her breast, of the whiteness of the lily; afterwards she stood up, resolute, animated by a vivid sentiment of despair.

She went to the traders in souls.

"What do you want?" they said.

"You buy souls?"

"Yes, a few still, in spite of you. Isn't that so, saint, with the eyes of sapphire?"

"To-day I am come to offer you a bargain," replied she.

"What?"

"I have a soul to sell, but it is costly."

"What does that signify if it is precious? The soul, like the diamond, is appraised by its transparency."

"It is mine."

The two emissaries of Satan started. Their claws were clutched under their gloves of leather; their grey eyes sparkled; the soul, pure, spotless, virginal, of Kathleen—it was a priceless acquisition!

"Beauteous lady, how much do you ask?"

"A hundred and fifty thousand pieces of gold."

"It's at your service," replied the traders, and they tendered Kathleen a parchment sealed with black, which she signed with a shudder.

The sum was counted out to her.

As soon as she got home she said to the butler, "Here, distribute this: with this money that I give you the poor can tide over the eight days that remain, and not one of their souls will be delivered to the demon."

Afterwards she shut herself up in her room, and gave orders that none should disturb her.

Three days passed; she called nobody, she did not come out.

When the door was opened, they found her cold and stiff; she was dead of grief.

But the sale of this soul, so adorable in its charity, was declared null by the Lord; for she had saved her fellow-citizens from eternal death.

After the eight days had passed, numerous vessels

brought into famished Ireland immense provisions in grain. Hunger was no longer possible. As to the traders, they disappeared from their hotel without any one knowing what became of them. But the fishermen of the Blackwater pretend that they are enchained in a subterranean prison by order of Lucifer, until they shall be able to render up the soul of Kathleen, which escaped from them.

ERIN

By G. R.

I STAND, the King's harper, to make him a lay,
The King's Peace lies on the land to-day ;
Broad is fair Erin, a shining gem ;
Fair Erin is wearing her golden hem.

The King's Peace lies as yellow as gold ;
The corn is over the valley rolled ;
No trampling horses destroy the bright corn,
Fair Erin is feeding her children at morn.

The King's Peace is as green as the grass :
The white sons of Erin unwounded may pass ;
No red blood is staining fair Erin's clear rills,
Not white dead, but sheep, lie in flock on the hills.

THE GYPSIES' ROAD

By Dora Sigerson Shorter

I shall go on the gypsies' road,
The road that has no ending;
For the sedge is brown on the lone lake side,
The wild geese eastward tending.

I shall go as the unfettered wave
From shore to shore, forgetting
The grief that lies 'neath a roof-tree's shade,
The years that bring regretting.

No law shall dare my wandering stay,
No man my acres measure;
The world was made for the gypsies' feet,
The winding road for pleasure.

And I shall drift as the pale leaf strayed,
Whither the wild wind listed,
I shall sleep in the dark of the hedge,
'Neath rose and thorn entwisted.

This was a call in the heart of the night,
A whispering dream's dear treasure.
"The world was made for the nomads' feet,
The winding road for pleasure."

I stole at dawn from my roof-tree's shade,
And the cares that it did cover;
I flew to the heart of the fierce north wind,
As a maid will greet her lover.

But a thousand hands did draw me back
And bid me to their tending;
I may not go on the gypsies' road—
The road that has no ending.

A Country Cricket Match

By Mary Russell Mitford (1787–1855)

I never, though tolerably eager and enthusiastic at all times, remember being in a more delicious state of excitement than on the eve of that battle. Our hopes waxed stronger and stronger. Those of our players who were present were excellent. William Grey got forty notches off his own bat; and that brilliant hitter, Tom Coper, gained eight from two successive balls. As the evening advanced, too, we had encouragement of another sort. A spy, who had been despatched to reconnoitre the enemy's quarters, returned from their practising ground with a most consolatory report. "Really," said Charles Grover, our intelligence—a fine old steady judge, one who had played well in his day—"they are no better than so many old women. Any five of ours would beat their eleven." This sent us to bed in high spirits.

Morning dawned less favourably. The sky promised a series of deluging showers, and kept its

word as English skies are wont to do on such occasions; and a lamentable message arrived at the head-quarters from our trusty comrade Joel Brent. His master, a great farmer, had begun the hay-harvest that very morning, and Joel, being as eminent in one field as in another, could not be spared. Imagine Joel's plight! the most ardent of all our eleven! a knight held back from the tourney! a soldier from the battle! The poor swain was inconsolable. At last, one who is always ready to do a good-natured action, great or little, set forth to back his petition; and, by dint of appealing to the public spirit of our worthy neighbour and the state of the barometer, talking alternately of the parish honour and thunder-showers, of lost matches and sopped hay, he carried his point, and returned triumphantly with the delighted Joel.

At last we were all assembled, and marched down to H. common, the appointed ground, which, though in our dominions according to the maps, was the constant practising place of our opponents, and *terra incognita* to us. We found our adversaries on the ground as we expected, for our various delays had hindered us from taking the field so early as we wished; and, as soon as we had settled all preliminaries, the match began.

But, alas! I have been so long settling my preliminaries, that I have left myself no room for the detail of our victory, and must squeeze the account of our grand achievements into as little compass as Cowley, when he crammed the names of eleven of his mistresses into the narrow space of four eight-syllable lines. *They* began the warfare—

those boastful men of B. And what think you, gentle reader, was the amount of their innings! These challengers—the famous eleven—how many did they get? Think! imagine! guess!—You cannot?—Well!—they got twenty-two, or, rather, they got twenty; for two of theirs were short notches, and would never have been allowed, only that, seeing what they were made of, we and our umpires were not particular.—They should have had twenty more if they had chosen to claim them. Oh, how well we fielded! and how well we bowled! our good play had quite as much to do with their miserable failure as their bad. Samuel Long is a slow bowler, George Simmons a fast one, and the change from Long's lobbing to Simmons's fast balls posed them completely. Poor simpletons! they were always wrong, expecting the slow for the quick, and the quick for the slow. Well, we went in. And what were our innings? Guess again!—guess! A hundred and sixty-nine! in spite of soaking showers, and wretched ground, where the ball would not run a yard, we headed them by a hundred and forty-seven; and then they gave in, as well they might. William Grey pressed them much to try another innings. "There was so much chance," as he courteously observed, "in cricket, that advantageous as our position seemed, we might, very possibly, be overtaken. The B. men had better try." But they were beaten sulky, and would not move—to my great disappointment; I wanted to prolong the pleasure of success. What a glorious sensation it is to be for five hours together—winning—winning! always feeling what

a whist-player feels when he takes up four honours, seven trumps! Who would think that a little bit of leather, and two pieces of wood, had such a delightful and delighting power!

The only drawback on my enjoyment was the failure of the pretty boy, David Willis, who, injudiciously put in first, and playing for the first time in a match amongst men and strangers, who talked to him, and stared at him, was seized with such a fit of shamefaced shyness, that he could scarcely hold his bat, and was bowled out without a stroke, from actual nervousness. "He will come off that," Tom Coper says—I am afraid he will. I wonder whether Tom had ever any modesty to lose. Our other modest lad, John Strong, did very well; his length told in fielding, and he got good fame. Joel Brent, the rescued mower, got into a scrape, and out of it again; his fortune for the day. He ran out his mate, Samuel Long; who, I do believe, but for the excess of Joel's eagerness, would have stayed in till this time, by which exploit he got into sad disgrace; and then he himself got thirty-seven runs, which redeemed his reputation. Will Grey made a hit which actually lost the cricket-ball. We think she lodged in a hedge, a quarter of a mile off, but nobody could find her. And George Simmons had nearly lost his shoe, which he tossed away in a passion, for having been caught out, owing to the ball glancing against it. These, together with a very complete somerset of Ben Appleton, our long-stop, who floundered about in the mud, making faces and attitudes as laughable as Grimaldi, none could tell whether by accident or

design, were the chief incidents of the scene of action. Amongst the spectators nothing remarkable occurred, beyond the general calamity of two or three drenchings, except that a form, placed by the side of a hedge, under a very insufficient shelter, was knocked into the ditch, in a sudden rush of the cricketers to escape a pelting shower, by which means all parties shared the fate of Ben Appleton, some on land and some by water; and that, amidst the scramble, a saucy gipsy of a girl contrived to steal from the knee of the demure and well-appareled Samuel Long, a smart handkerchief which his careful dame had tied round it to preserve his new (what is the mincing feminine word?)—his new—inexpressibles, thus reversing the story of Desdemona, and causing the new Othello to call aloud for his handkerchief, to the great diversion of the company. And so we parted; the players retired to their supper, and we to our homes; all wet through, all good-humoured and happy—except the losers.

To-day we are happy too. Hats, with ribands in them, go glancing up and down; and William Grey says, with a proud humility, "We do not challenge any parish; but if we be challenged, we are ready."

Oriel Window
St. John's College

"If doughty Deeds my Lady please"

DOUGHTY DEEDS

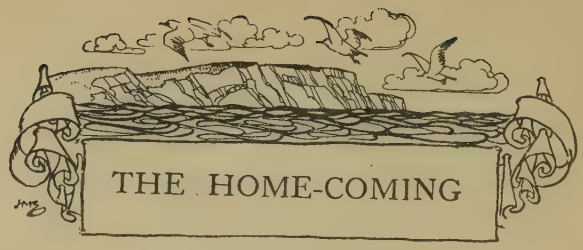
By R. Graham of Gartmore

If doughty deeds my lady please
  Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
And strong his arm and fast his seat
  That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
  Thy picture at my heart ;
And he that bends not to thine eye
  Shall rue it to his smart !

If gay attire delight thine eye
  I'll dight me in array ;
I'll tend thy chamber door at night
  And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
  These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
  That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
  I'll never break a vow ;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
  I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
  For you I wear the blue ;
For you alone I strive to sing,
  O tell me how to woo !

Then tell me how to woo thee, Love,
  O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
  Tho' ne'er another trow me.



THE HOME-COMING

By Basil Yeaxlee

The leave-train, heavily-laden, ran slowly and smoothly through the Garden of England. It was the hopping season. The camps of the Cockney pickers, out for their quaint annual holiday of hard work, afforded a strange contrast to those somewhere in Flanders which the soldiers had left not so many hours before. A sense of careless security was manifest by the women and children busy among hop-bines. They did not stop to listen to the boom of the big guns across the Channel, which could be heard from the hillside. Even the aeroplanes whirring steadily across a cloud-flecked sky of blue attracted only an occasional upward glance. These East-enders felt in the country a sense of freedom not quite possible at home. Here and there among the hop-fields were thick-set orchards, the trees weighed down with rosy-cheeked apples, or glowing with the rich purplish-red of plums just coming to perfection. Snug farm-houses, sleepy villages and quiet country towns made up a panorama upon which the men feasted their eyes, so long wearied by the monotony of shapeless mounds of earth, sordid little dug-outs, eternal barbed wire, and black devastation.

One man who had been gazing out of the win-

dow suddenly sat up and said to his chum, "There! —there you are! That's my cottage over there in the hollow. Rotten luck that I've got to go on up to Charing Cross and come back again. Cuts off three hours of my leave that I might have spent at home."

"Shut up, you grouser," said his neighbour. "I've got to get right down to South Wales. It'll be another twelve hours before I'm in. But it's worth it," he went on mischievously: "mountains, my boy! Glorious green mountains that lift you up to heaven, and give you glimpses of the sea beyond which lies the new world."

"Yes, I know—and nothing but pit-shafts in between. *I* know your valleys and your grimy pit villages," chimed in a Yorkshireman. "I'm for the moors. Give me a place where a man can walk for half a day and not meet a soul or see a wisp of smoke. Why, it's the one bit of England that can make you forget those trenches yonder. And home means forgetting; for a week anyhow."

"Aye, but ye're all wrang," came a voice from the corner. "Ma brither an' me's got a sheep-farm in the Hielan's. Twa days wull I be before I'm hame. But it's juist—recht! Naething can ye pit on thae hills but sheep. Not a day wull ye see wi'oot a mist. But yon's the grand place tae be. I'd thraivel hauf the airth ower tae spend ae nicht by a fire o' peat wi' oor head shepherd."

"Ye're nobbut a lot o' dreamers. There's nowt in t' owd country loike t' clatter o' clogs on t' cobbles when t' hands be gooin' to t' mills in t'

mornin'. Music ? Aye, most as good as t' Besses o' t' Barn band. It's folk *doin'* somethin' that meks England what she is. Owdham fur iver ! "

" Anyhow, boys, it's mighty good to be back again. D'you know, every time I've crossed that strip of land in Flanders which they say will never bear crops again for a hundred years because the soil has been so sickened and ruined, I've wondered whether it would ever be ' home ' again to the poor beggars that have been driven out of it. It's all so utterly different. Then there are the villages over yonder. Why, the other day our adjutant was looking for a certain market-town by the map, and asked some fellows passing by in which direction the town lay. They told him he was standing in the middle of the market-square ! I've been away from home often enough, and in miserable holes and corners of the earth too. But it wasn't the same when I came back from two years of dam-building in the Sudan or that time I had in the swamps of the Gold Coast."

" Yes, but we haven't been away from home at all, really," remarked a boy with two gold stripes on his sleeve.

" What on earth do you mean ? If anybody was ever in a more Godforsaken, desolating, lonely place than my old O.P. in that Messines trench I'd like to know about it."

" All the same, I stick to it that we've never been away from home in this war."

" You'd say something different if you'd come six thousand miles by sea, sonny, and found yourself landed in London at two in the morning, with not

a soul you knew to turn to, and everything shut up for the night."

"Well, wasn't there a Y.M.?"

"Yes, rather. But for that I'd have wanted to go back to the trenches first thing in the morning. As it was, a car came along and carted me off to a tip-top hut which the Y.M. headquarters people in London had made a rendezvous for Australians specially, with Australian secretaries. I remember seeing an account of a speech by some Cabinet Minister or other, in which he talked about 'the splendid idea that there shall be, in all parts of the world to which men go to fight for their country, one little spot where they find home.' He went on to say that 'what the hut of the Red Triangle is to the soldier in any seat of war, that the British Empire may mean to the man who realises to what country he belongs.'"

"Ye're haverin', laddie. They may send ye dolly-cakes, an' Woodbines, an' ragtime tae keep ye frae wearyin'; but that's no' what I wud ca' hame."

"Nor I, Jock. What I had in mind wasn't even big warm huts, first-rate concerts, or talks from chaps like Gipsy Smith. God knows it was all the world to some of us to get a cup of cocoa and a cheery word between No Man's Land and a casualty clearing station when we were walking back as best we could with wounds just not bad enough to put us on stretchers, and those women in the base camps kept many a man loyal to his mother, his wife, or his girl when it was mighty hard to go straight. But beyond that, there are the big things which

we've never been allowed to lose sight of even in the farthest places I've struck, that kept us thinking of all that made it worth while to fight for the old country—and the new, which the future is to bring."

"That's so, chum. Don't know that I've taken much stock in books, camp-lectures, and that sort. I know that some chaps have gone wild about pictures they've seen in some of the huts, and others have been dead keen on musical stunts. But what's struck me most has been the sort of man I've always been running up against—these chaps that come out to lend a hand for a bit, as well as those that have been at it from the beginning of the war. There's no mistake about their keeping you in touch with what's moving in old Blighty."

"That's it," said the boy with the stripes. "My Cabinet Minister said that these little bits of home on every fighting front made men feel as though they all came from one village."

"A village that we mean to grow into the City of God," said the student.

"That's the biggest idea we've got from the Y.M., and I suppose I couldn't have got it anywhere else as things are—anyhow it seems to be in everything they do and say. I reckon it's pretty fortunate for us that we had a *Christian* Association to bring the best of the old country to us all the while. Hullo! here's the jolly old village of London, and we've only just time to get across to Paddington. So long, you chaps."

LANCASHIRE HUMOUR

By Thomas Newbigging

I

The Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, walking one day along one of the poorer streets in Ancoats, saw two little gutter boys sitting on the edge of the pavement busy, putting the finishing touches to a mud house they had made, and he asked them what they were doing.

"We've been makin' a church," replied one of them.

"A church!" responded the Bishop, much interested, as he stooped over the youthful architect's work. "Ah, yes, I see. That, I suppose, is the entrance door" (pointing with his stick). "This is the nave, these are the aisles, there the pews, and you have even got the pulpit! Very good, my boys, very good. But where is the parson?"

"We ha'not gettin' muck enough to mak' a parson!" was the reply.

II

There is a quaint simplicity about the country people in Lancashire, that wants a name in our vocabulary of manners. It is a simplicity that asserts itself just because of its simplicity, and that never heard, and if it did, never understood "Who's

Who." Imagine the surprise of the new vicar of the parish, fresh from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, accustomed to an agricultural population that smoothed down its forelocks in deference,—imagine him losing his way in one of his parochial excursions, and inquiring in his south-country accent, from a lubberly boy weeding turnips in a field, "Pray, my boy, can you tell me the way to Bolton?"

"Ay," replied the boy. "Yo' mun go across yon bleach croft and into th' loan, and yo'll get to Doffcocker, and then yo're i' th' high road, and yo' can go straight on."

"Thank you," said the vicar, "perhaps I can find it. And now, my boy, will you tell me what you do for a livelihood?"

"I clear up th' shippon, pills potatoes, or does oddin; and if I may be so bou'd, win yo' tell me what yo' do?"

"Oh, I am a minister of the Gospel; I preach the Word of God."

"But what dun yo' do?" persisted the boy.

"I teach you the way of salvation; I show you the road to heaven."

"Nay, nay," said the lad; "dunnot yo' pretend to teach me th' road to heaven, and doesn't know th' road to Bow'ton."

"AULD REEKIE"

By Sir Walter Scott

(1771–1832)

Sic itur ad astra

"This is the path to heaven." Such is the ancient motto attached to the armorial bearings of the Canongate, and which is inscribed, with greater or less propriety, upon all the public buildings, from the church to the pillory, in the ancient quarter of Edinburgh, which bears, or rather once bore, the same relation to the Good Town that Westminster does to London.

Day after day I walked there, by the side of the kennel which divides the Sanctuary from the unprivileged part of the Canongate; and though the month was July, and the scene the old town of Edinburgh, I preferred it to the fresh air and verdant turf which I might have enjoyed in the King's Park, or to the cool and solemn gloom of the portico which surrounds the palace. To an indifferent person either side of the gutter would have seemed much the same—the houses equally mean, the children as ragged and dirty, the carmen as brutal, the whole forming the same picture of low life in a deserted and impoverished quarter of a large city. But to me, the gutter, or kennel, was what the brook Kedron was to Shimei; death was denounced against him should he cross it, doubtless because it was known to his wisdom

who pronounced the doom, that from the time the crossing the stream was debarred, the devoted man's desire to transgress the precept would become irresistible, and he would be sure to draw down on his head the penalty which he had already justly incurred by cursing the anointed of God. For my part, all Elysium seemed opening on the other side of the kennel, and I envied the little blackguards, who, stopping the current with their little dam-dikes of mud, had a right to stand on either side of the nasty puddle which best pleased them. I was so childish as even to make an occasional excursion across, were it only for a few yards, and felt the triumph of a schoolboy, who, trespassing in an orchard, hurries back again with a fluttering sensation of joy and terror, betwixt the pleasure of having executed his purpose, and the fear of being taken or discovered.

When my mind was quite made up to make Auld Reekie my head-quarters, reserving the privilege of *exploring* in all directions, I began to explore in good earnest for the purpose of discovering a suitable habitation. "And whare trew ye I gaed?" as Sir Pertinax says. Not to George's Square—nor to Charlotte Square—nor to the old New Town—nor to the new New Town—nor to the Calton Hill. I went to the Canongate, and to the very portion of the Canongate in which I had formerly been immured, like the errant knight, prisoner in some enchanted castle, where spells have made the ambient air impervious to the unhappy captive, although the organs of sight encountered no obstacle to his free passage.

Why I should have thought of pitching my tent here I cannot tell. Perhaps it was to enjoy the pleasures of freedom, where I had so long endured the bitterness of restraint; on the principle of the officer, who, after he had retired from the army, ordered his servant to continue to call him at the hour of parade, simply that he might have the pleasure of saying "D—n the parade!" and turning to the other side to enjoy his slumbers. Or perhaps I expected to find in the vicinity some little old-fashioned house, having somewhat of the *rus in urbe*, which I was ambitious of enjoying. Enough, I went, as aforesaid, to the Canongate.

A nobler contrast there can hardly exist than that of the huge city, dark with the smoke of ages, and groaning with the various sounds of active industry or idle revel, and the lofty and craggy hill, silent and solitary as the grave; one exhibiting the full tide of existence, pressing and precipitating itself forward with the force of an inundation; the other resembling some time-worn anchorite, whose life passes as silent and unobserved as the slender rill which escapes unheard, and scarce seen, from the fountain of his patron saint. The city resembles the busy temple, where the modern Comus and Mammon hold their court, and thousands sacrifice ease, independence, and virtue itself, at their shrine; the mistly and lonely mountain seems as a throne to the majestic but terrible Genius of feudal times, when the same divinities dispensed coronets and domains to those who had heads to devise, and arms to execute, bold enterprises.

I have, as it were, the two extremities of the

moral world at my threshold. From the front door, a few minutes' walk brings me into the heart of a wealthy and populous city; as many paces from my opposite entrance, places me in a solitude as complete as Zimmerman could have desired. Surely with such aids to my imagination, I may write better than if I were in a lodging in the New Town, or a garret in the old. As the Spaniard says,—"*Viamos—Caracco!*"

O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

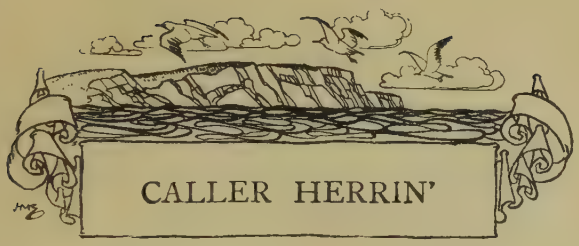
By Robert Burns (1759–1796)

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.



CALLER HERRIN'

From the Scottish Song-book, 1781

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.
When ye were sleeping on your pillows,
Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they face the billows,
A' to fill our woven willows?
Buy my caller herrin,'
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.
Caller herrin'! Caller herrin'!

An' when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silks and laces
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Toss their heads and screw their faces.
Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

Noo neebor wives, come tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin'
At a word be aye your dealin',
Truth will stand when a' things failin'.
Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin';
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
O ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.
Caller herrin'! Caller herrin'!

"Caller Herrin'!"

SOME PASSAGES ON PATRIOTISM

By the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell

I approach with timidity and circumlocutory caution Patriotism, or the love of one's native land. This we may safely assume to be a primary instinct among men of our breed. Where is it bred? In the cool language of Philosophy, patriotism is a bias of the mind; a predisposition to love your own land better than any other parts of the round globe. There can be no doubt where Patriotism is bred. It begins at home. It is the creature of early association, of the things you first saw—the laburnum tree outside the nursery window, the lane at your father's gate, the footpath across the fields. From these things and from the emotions they excite there is no escape. A very simple verse of an Irish poet, William Allingham, sums it all up with true feeling:—

Fours ducks on a pond,
A grass bank beyond—
A blue sky of Spring,
White clouds on the wing.
How little a thing
To remember for years,
To remember with tears!

Browning, in his earliest poem, has said the same thing more grandiloquently:—

As life wanes, all its cares and strife and toil
Seem strangely valueless, while the old trees
Which grew by our youth's home, the waving mass
Of climbing plants, heavy with bloom and dew,
The morning swallows, with their songs like words,
All these seem clear, and only worth our thought.

English poetry, probably all poetry, is full of such things, and at times their pathos is overpowering; and particularly is this so when they occur in songs of exile :—

Ah ! that hamlet in Saxon Kent,
Shall I find it when I come home,
With toil and travelling well-nigh spent,
Tired with life in jungle and tent,
Eastward never again to roam ?

Pleasantest corner the world can show,
In a vale which slopes to the English sea,
Where strawberries wild in the woodland grow,
And the cherry-tree branches are bending low—
No such fruit in the South countree.[1]

Water can rise no higher than its source. Home is the birthplace of Patriotism. Hence come an Englishman's pride in his inviolate shores, his thought of a foreign invasion as an outrage, unbearable, almost unthinkable, provocative of speechless passion. . . .

Patriotism, which, if not born with us, is created and fostered by our very earliest and therefore deepest associations, and expands as we become "children of a larger growth" into political pride, is a main element of our social existence. A man without a country to love and a State to be proud of suffers a cruel deprivation. He is a motherless being. Gibbon, who seems never to have experienced a mother's love, writes in his autobiography :

[1] *Verses written in India* by Sir Alfred C. Lyall.

"I am tempted to enter my protest against the trite and lavish praise of the happiness of our boyish years, which is echoed with so much affectation in the world. That happiness I have never known." On this passage Sainte Beuve observes: "J'ai déjà remarqué cela pour Volney ; ceux à qui manque cette solicitude d'une mère, ce premier duvet et cette fleur d'une affection tendre, ce charme confus et pénétrant des impressions naissantes, sont plus aisément que d'autres dénués du sentiment de la religion." The same cast of thought applies to those unfortunates who are deprived of the pride of country. . . .

A man's love of his native land is the surest basis of national life and character. A well-tempered, widely informed pride in the great achievements of the men and women of your native land in all the fields of honourable activity is of the essence of patriotism. A conviction that the country or political union to which you belong is destined to take a great part in the work of humanising the world, so that before the end comes cruelty may have ceased even in its dark places, is a glorious faith. To take this part Courage and Strength are both necessary. A healthy breed of men enured to discipline, willing to work, ready to die, proud of the flag, jealous of its reputation in all parts of the earth,—that Britain may produce in increasing numbers such a breed is the pious supplication of true British patriots, and it is a prayer to which the whole world might say Amen!

MOTHER AND SON[1]

By R. C. Stead

The mother was rich and gracious, and the son
was strong and bold,
And the bond that was fixed between them was not
the bond of gold;
And they dwelt in sweet co-union, while the world
looked on in awe,
For they lived and wrought by the Law of Love,
and not by the Love of Law.

The mother was old in the years of man, but young
in the years of time,
And her face was fair and her arm was strong as a
strong man in his prime;
And some who said, "She weakens, her day is
nearly done,"
So spake because they wished it; her day was scarce
begun.
And the mother said, "I have given you much,
good gifts of honest worth,
A name that is known and honoured in the corners
of the earth;
A tongue that is strong and elastic, a law that is
just and sound,
And the right of a man to be a man wherever my
flag is found.

[1] The Old Country and Canada.

"The paths go down to the future, and the paths
are yours to choose,
There's all for you to profit, there's all for you to
lose—
For the eye of the race is onward, nor yet is the
law recast,
That youth shall live in the future, and age shall
live in the past."

On the swarthy cheek of the stalwart son there
deepened a dye of shame—
"Mother, were I so base I should belie my mother's
name.
The road may lead to the mountain-tops, or the
nethermost depths of hell;
Even so; and if so you travel it, I travel the road
as well.

"Ere yet I had learned in a foreign tongue to babble
your name with pride,
They thought in the guise of a common cause to
wheedle me from your side,
But I scorned the bribe of lust and power—for I
read the rogues aright—
And I fought for you in my swaddling-clothes, as
only a child can fight!

"'Twas not for my own existence—I had no fear
for that—
For I was lean and unlikely, and they were full of
fat;
But the blood—and the sense of honour—and the
duty of the son—
'Twas these that clutched at a weapon and battled
them ten to one!

"Think not because life is rosy that I know not
what it cost—
I knew when I fell to the Ridgeway fiends, or lay
in the Northshore frost;
I knew in the flush of triumph—I knew when I
fought in vain—
And the blood that was spilled at Paardeberg was
the blood of Lundy's Lane!

"Then lead, and your son will follow, or follow
and he will lead,
And side by side, though the world deride, we will
show by word and deed,
That you share with me my youthfulness, and I
with you your prime,
And so it shall be till the sun shall set on the
uttermost edge of time."

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE *REVENGE* AND THE SPANISH ARMADA: August 31, 1591

By Richard Hakluyt (1553?–1616)

The Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the Island; were now so soone at hand, as our shippes had scarce time to way their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slippe their Cables and set saile. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that wayed, to recover the men that were upon the Island, which otherwise had bene lost. The L. Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the winde, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to doe, was perswaded by the Master and others to cut his maine sayle, and cast about, and to trust to the sayling of the ship; for the squadron of Sivil were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turne from the enemie, alleaging that hee would rather choose to die, then to dishonour himselfe, his countrey, and her Majesties shippe, perswading his companie that hee would passe through the two squadrons, in despight of them, and enforce those of Sivil to give him way. Which hee performed upon divers of the formost, who, as the Mariners terme it, sprang their luffe, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had beene the better, and might right well have bene answered in

so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatnesse of his minde, he could not be perswaded. In the meane while as hee attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his sailes in such sort, as the shippe could neither make way, nor feele the helme : so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundreth tuns. Who after layd the *Revenge* aboord. When he was thus bereft of his sailes, the ships that were under his lee luffing up, also layd him aboord : of which the next was the Admiral of the Biscaines, a very mighty and puissant shippe commanded by Brittandona. The sayd *Philip* carried three tire of ordinance on a side, eleven pieces in every tire. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her sterne ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip* foure other boorded her ; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoone, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the lower tire of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossebar-shot, shifted her selfe with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainement. Some say that the shippe foundred, but we cannot report it for truth, unlesse we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of souldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners ; in some five, in others eight hundredth. In ours there were none at all beside the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen onely. After

many enterchanged volies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soulders and Musketters, but were still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe into their owne ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of London having received some shot thorow her by the Armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force: Sir Richard bid him save himselfe, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some houres of the night, many of our men were slaine and hurte, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both sunke, and in many other of the Spanish shippes great slaughter was made. Some write that sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechlesse for a time ere hee recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* owne company, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by some of the Lordes, and others, affirmed that hee was never so wounded as that hee forsooke the upper decke, till an houre before midnight; and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as hee was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirurgion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by sir Francis Godolphin, of foure other mariners of the same shippe being returned, which examination, the said sir Francis

sent unto master William Killegrue, of her Majesties privy Chamber.

But to returne to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to bord the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so alwayes others came in their places, she having never lesse than two mighty Gallions by her sides, and aboard her : So that ere the morning, from three of the clocke the day before, there had fifteene several Armadas assayled her ; and all so ill approved their entertainement, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to harken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased : and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grewe our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commaunded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the successe: but in the morning bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight shee had but one hundreth free from sicknes, and fourescore & ten sicke, laid in hold upon the Ballast. A small troup to man such a ship, & a weake garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred al was susteined, the voleis, boordings, and entrings of fifteen ships of warre, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with souldiers brought from every squadron : all

maner of Armes and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the Mastes all beaten over boord, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper worke altogether rased, and in effect evened shee was with the water, but the very foundation or bottome of a ship, nothing being left over head either for flight or defence. Sir Richard finding himselfe in this distresse, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteene houres fight, the assault of fifteene severall Armadas, all by turnes aboord him, and by estimation eight hundred shotte of great Artillerie, besides many assaults and entries; and that himselfe and the shippe must needes be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him, (The *Revenge* not able to moove one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea) commaunded the Master gunner, whom hee knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glory or victory to the Spaniards: seeing in so many houres fight, and with so great a Navie they were not able to take her, having had fifteene houres time, above ten thousand men, & fiftie and three saile of men of warre to performe it withall: and perswaded the company, or as many as hee could induce, to yeelde themselves unto God, and to the mercie of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not nowe shorten the honour of their Nation, by prolonging their owne lives for a few houres, or a fewe dayes. The Master gunner

readily condescended and divers others; but the Captaine and the Master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them: alleaging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertaine a composition, as they were willing to offer the same: and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their Countrey and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleaged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one shippe of her Majestie, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves; they answered, that the shippe had sixe foote water in holde, three shot under water, which were so weakely stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sinke, and was besides so crusht and brused, as shee could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons: the Master of the *Revenge* (while the Captaine wanne unto him the greater party) was convoyd aboord the *Generall*, Don Alfonso Baçan. Who (finding none over hastie to enter the *Revenge* againe, doubting least Sir Richard would have blowne them up and himselfe, and perceiving by the report of the Master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition) yeelded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, & the better sort to pay such reasonable ransome as their estate would beare, and in the meane season to be free from Gally or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as wel, as I have

said, for feare of further losse and mischiefe to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville; whom for his notable valure he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answere was returned, and that safetie of life was promised, the common sort being now at the ende of their perill, the most drew backe from Sir Richard and the Master gunner, being no hard matter to disswade men from death to life. The Master gunner finding himselfe and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slaine himself with a sword, had he not bene by force with-held and locked into his Cabben. Then the *Generall* sent many boates aboord the *Revenge*, and divers of our men fearing Sir Richards disposition, stole away aboord the *Generall* and other shippes. Sir Richard thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Baçan to remoove out of the *Revenge*, the shippe being marveilous unsavorie, filled with blood and bodies of dead, and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir Richard answered that hee might doe with his body what he list, for hee esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the shippe hee swounded, and reviving againe desired the company to pray for him. The *Generall* used Sir Richard with all humanitie, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recoverie, highly commending his valour and worthinesse, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution sildome approoved, to see one shippe turne toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boording of so many huge

Armadas, and to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many souldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish Captaine of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storme, was by the *Lion of London* a small ship taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The generall commander of the Armada, was Don Alphonso Baçan, brother to the Marques of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscaine squadron, was Britandona. Of the squadron of Sivil, the Marques of Arumburch. The Hulkes and Flybotes were commanded by Luis Coutinho. There were slaine and drowned in this fight, well neere one thousand of the enemies, and two speciall commanders Don Luis de sant John, and Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga, as the Spanish captaine confesseth, besides divers others of speciall account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The Admirall of the Hulkes and the *Ascension* of Sivil were both sunke by the side of the *Revenge*; one other recovered the rode of Saint Michael, and sunke also there; a fourthe ranne her selfe with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died as it is sayd, the second or third day aboord the *Generall*, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on the land we know not: the comfort that remayneth to his friends is, that hee hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and countrey, and of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his owne honour.

SHAKSPEARE

By Matthew Arnold

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his stedfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality:
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on Earth unguess'd at. Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

THE CITY OF CHIVALRY

By Sir Thomas Malory (1420–1475)

Then all the knights of the Table Round resorted unto King Arthur at Camelot, and made justs and tournaments; and some there were that were but knights which increased so in arms and worship that they passed all their fellows in prowess and noble deeds, and that was well proved on many. . . . Then the king stablished all his knights, and charged them never to do outrage nor murder, and always to flee treason. Also, by no means to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asketh mercy. Also, that no man take no battles in a wrongful quarrel for no law, nor for no world's goods.

THE CITY OF FRIENDS

By Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,
I dreamed that was the new City of Friends,
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love, it led the rest;
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.

THE ROAD TO TOTTENHAM HIGH CROSS

By Izaak Walton (1593–1683)

Well, Scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still mile to Tottenham High-Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and tooth-ache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters or broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken: and we have

been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature; let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing tormenting conscience; a misery that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drunk, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says, that Solomon says "The diligent hand maketh rich"; and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless

nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence; and above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, Scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country-fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping, or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And

I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty; but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well! this wilful, purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vext and chid, and chid and vext, till she also chid and vext herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches; and several houses, all beautiful, and ready furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel; for He there says—"Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain

The Old Tower and the New Bridge

Poet's Corner
Westminster Abbey

mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And, Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven: but in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God had allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vext when he see others possest of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share: but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High-Cross; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you, that riches without them, do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." And so you are welcome to Tottenham High-Cross.

A CASTLE IN WALES

By the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George

Why did the men who built Caerphilly Castle, grand now in its ruin, conquer the valleys? Not because of their greater valour. No race ever fought with greater daring, with greater bravery, than did our ancestors who came down from the hills to fight against the tyranny of the Norman. Their heedless bravery was as a reckless mountain cataract. Their patriotism was intense. But on the other side was system, organisation, training, persistence, concentration, unity of purpose, and they trampled our liberties under the iron heel. Do not let us forget the warning of Caerphilly ruin. There is plenty of valour in this land still. We have plenty of courage, plenty of patriotism. We want the system, the unity, the common action. We want the common purpose, and when that is gained we shall have castles of freedom that no enemy can impair.

THE CELTIC BRETHREN

By T. Darcy McGee

Hail to our Celtic brethren, wherever they may be,
In the far woods of Oregon, or o'er the Atlantic Sea;
Whether they guard the banner of St George in Indian vales,
Or spread beneath the sightless north experimental sails.
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Though fallen the state of Erin, and changed the Scottish land,
Though small the power of Mona, though unwaked Llewellyn's band;
Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies are held as idle tales,
Though Iona's ruined cloisters are swept by northern gales,
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

In northern Spain and Italy our brethren also dwell,
And brave are the traditions of their fathers that they tell:

The Eagle or the Crescent in the dawn of history pales
Before the advancing banner of the great Rome-conquering Gaels.
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send ;
Their character our charter is, their glory is our end ;
Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoe'er assails
The glory or the story of the sea-divided Gaels.
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

WANTED A BRITISH HISTORIAN

By Thomas Babington Macaulay
(1800–1859)

The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed : some transactions are prominent ; others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line.

If a man, such as we are supposing, should write the history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government, and the history of the people, would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly, in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in Old Mortality; for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the Fortunes of Nigel.

The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with colouring from romance, ballad, and chronicle. We should find ourselves in the company of knights such as those of Froissart, and of pilgrims such as those who rode with Chaucer from

the Tabard. Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest,—from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw; from the throne of the legate to the chimney-corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders,—the stately monastery, with the good cheer in its refectory and the high-mass in its chapel,—the manor-house, with its hunting and hawking,—the tournament, with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold,—would give truth and life to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villain. The revival of letters would not merely be described in a few magnificent periods. We should discern, in innumerable particulars, the fermentation of mind, the eager appetite for knowledge, which distinguished the sixteenth from the fifteenth century. In the Reformation we should see, not merely a schism which changed the ecclesiastical constitution of England and the mutual relations of the European powers, but a moral war which raged in every family, which set the father against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother. Henry would be painted with the skill of Tacitus. We should have the change of his character from his profuse and joyous youth to his savage and imperious old age. We would perceive the gradual progress of selfish and tyrannical passions in a mind not naturally insensible or ungenerous; and to the last we should

detect some remains of that open and noble temper which endeared him to a people whom he oppressed, struggling with the hardness of despotism and the irritability of disease. We should see Elizabeth in all her weakness and in all her strength, surrounded by the handsome favourites whom she never trusted, and the wise old statesmen whom she never dismissed, uniting in herself the most contradictory qualities of both her parents,—the coquetry, the caprice, the petty malice of Anne,—the haughty and resolute spirit of Henry. We have no hesitation in saying that a great artist might produce a portrait of this remarkable woman at least as striking as that in the novel of Kenilworth, without employing a single trait not authenticated by ample testimony. In the meantime, we should see arts cultivated, wealth accumulated, the conveniences of life improved. We should see the keeps, where nobles, insecure themselves, spread insecurity around them, gradually giving place to the halls of peaceful opulence, to the oriels of Longleat, and the stately pinnacles of Burleigh. We should see towns extended, deserts cultivated, the hamlets of fishermen turned into wealthy havens, the meal of the peasant improved, and his hut more commodiously furnished. We should see those opinions and feelings which produced the great struggle against the House of Stuart slowly growing up in the bosom of private families, before they manifested themselves in parliamentary debates. Then would come the civil war. Those skirmishes on which Clarendon dwells so minutely would be told, as Thucydides would have told them, with perspicuous conciseness. They

are merely connecting links. But the great characteristics of the age, the loyal enthusiasm of the brave English gentry, the fierce licentiousness of the swearing, dicing, drunken reprobates, whose excesses disgraced the royal cause,—the austerity of the Presbyterian Sabbaths in the city, the extravagance of the independent preachers in the camp, the precise garb, the severe countenance, the petty scruples, the affected accent, the absurd names and phrases which marked the Puritans,—the valour, the policy, the public spirit, which lurked beneath these ungraceful disguises,—the dreams of the raving Fifth-monarchy-man, the dreams, scarcely less wild, of the philosophic republican, all these would enter into the representation, and render it at once more exact and more striking.

The instruction derived from history thus written would be of a vivid and practical character. It would be received by the imagination as well as by the reason. It would be not merely traced on the mind, but branded into it. Many truths, too, would be learned, which can be learned in no other manner. As the history of states is generally written, the greatest and most momentous revolutions seem to come upon them like supernatural inflictions, without warning or cause. But the fact is, that such revolutions are almost always the consequences of moral changes, which have gradually passed on the mass of the community, and which originally proceed far before their progress is indicated by any public measure. An intimate knowledge of the domestic history of nations is therefore absolutely necessary to the

prognosis of political events. A narrative, defective in this respect, is as useless as a medical treatise which should pass by all the symptoms attendant on the early stage of a disease and mention only what occurs when the patient is beyond the reach of remedies.

A historian, such as we have been attempting to describe, would indeed be an intellectual prodigy. In his mind, powers scarcely compatible with each other must be tempered into an exquisite harmony. We shall sooner see another Shakspeare or another Homer. The highest excellence to which any single faculty can be brought would be less surprising than such a happy and delicate combination of qualities. Yet the contemplation of imaginary models is not an unpleasant or useless employment of the mind. It cannot indeed produce perfection; but it produces improvement and nourishes that generous and liberal fastidiousness which is not inconsistent with the strongest sensibility to merit, and which, while it exalts our conceptions of the art, does not render us unjust to the artist.

IN MEMORIAM

By Helen Gray Cone

Let Pride with Grief go hand in hand :
They joined the hallowed hosts who died
In battle for their lovely land ;
With light about their brows they ride.

Young hearts and hot, gray heads and wise,
Good knights of all the years foregone,
Faith in their England in their eyes,
Still ride they on, still ride they on !

By altars old their banners fade
Beneath dear spires ; their names are set
In minster aisle, in yew-tree shade ;
Their memories fight for England yet.

Let Pride with Grief go hand in hand,
Sad Love with Patience, side by side ;
In battle for their lovely land
Not vainly England's sons have died !

And well may pride this hour befit ;
For not since England's days began
More fiery-clear the word was writ :
Who dies for England, dies for Man !

OXFORD IN THE VACATION

By Charles Lamb (1775–1834)

To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own, —the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen!

The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire-places, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art every thing! When thou *wert*, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter *antiquity*, as thou called'st it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, *modern!* What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses[1] are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being every thing! the past is every thing, being nothing!

What were thy *dark ages?* Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it that we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping!

[1] Januses of one face.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves——

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *variæ lectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. I am no Herculanean raker. The credit of the three witnesses might have slept unimpeached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's Inn—where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his uncon-

scious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits, "in calm and sinless peace." The fangs of the law pierce him not—the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers—the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes—légal nor illegal discourtesy touches him—none thinks of offering violence or injustice to him—you would as soon "strike an abstract idea."

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately lit upon a MS. collection of charters, relative to C——, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points—particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation. The ardour with which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here, or at C——. Your caputs, and heads of colleges, care less than any body else about these questions.—Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Maters, without inquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such curiosities to be impertinent—unreverend. They have their good glebe lands *in manu*, and care not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to complain.

D. started like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted him. *A priori* it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have

done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's-inn, or in the Temple. In addition to a provoking shortsightedness (the effect of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil) D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at our friend *M.*'s in Bedford-square; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book—which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor—and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighbourhood again, and again the quiet image of the fire-side circle at *M.*'s——Mrs. *M.* presiding at it like a Queen Lar, with pretty *A. S.* at her side——striking irresistibly on his fancy, he makes another call (forgetting that they were "certainly not to return from the country before that day week"), and disappointed a second time, inquires for pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above that in which he is about to print his second name (his re-script)—his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him like another Sosia, or as if a man should suddenly encounter his own duplicate!—The effect may be conceived. D. made many a good resolution against any such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with G. D.—to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present

with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition ——or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprised—at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus—or co-sphered with Plato—or, with Harrington, framing "immortal commonwealths"—devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species——peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

D. is delightful any where, but he is at the best in such places as these. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Scarborough, or Harrowgate. The Cam and the Isis are to him "better than all the waters or Damascus." On the Muses' hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.

LORDS AND COMMONS OF ENGLAND

By John Milton (1608–1674)

Lords and Commons of England, consider what Nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point, the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of Learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and ablest judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the laboured studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts.

Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this Nation chosen before

any other, that out of her, as out of Sion, should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wickliff, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no nor the name of Luther or of Calvin had been ever known: the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself: what does He then but reveal Himself to His servants, and as His manner is, first to His Englishmen? I say, as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy.

Behold now this vast City: a city or refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguered Truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation:

others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a Nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a Nation of Prophets, of Sages, and of Worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks; had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already.

Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-reputed care of their Religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join, and unite in one general and brotherly search after Truth; could we but forego this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did,

admiring the Roman docility and courage : If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted, to make a Church or Kingdom happy.

Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries ; as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber, ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world ; neither can every piece of the building be of one form ; nay rather the perfection consists in this, that, out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilitudes that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure.

Let us therefore be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come, wherein Moses the great prophet may sit in heaven rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled when not only our seventy Elders, but all the Lord's people, are become prophets. No marvel then though some men, and some good men too perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest these divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour : When

they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches: nor will be ware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude, honest perhaps though over-timorous of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me.

First, when a City shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumoured to be marching up even to her walls and suburb trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular goodwill, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment.

Next, it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam: purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

TWO SONNETS

By William Wordsworth (1770–1850)

LONDON, 1802

Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old :
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

By George Borrow.

(1803–1881)

When two days had passed, Sunday came; I breakfasted by myself in the solitary dingle; and then, having set things a little to rights, I ascended to Mr. Petulengro's encampment. I could hear church-bells ringing around in the distance, appearing to say, "Come to church, come to church," as clearly as it was possible for church-bells to say. I found Mr. Petulengro seated by the door of his tent, smoking his pipe, in rather an ungenteel undress. "Well, Jasper," said I, "are you ready to go to church? for if you are, I am ready to accompany you." "I am not ready, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "nor is my wife; the church, too, to which we shall go is three miles off; so it is of no use to think of going there this morning, as the service would be three-quarters over before we got there; if, however, you are disposed to go in the afternoon, we are your people." Thereupon I returned to my dingle, where I passed several hours in conning the Welsh Bible, which the preacher, Peter Williams, had given me.

At last I gave over reading, took a slight refreshment, and was about to emerge from the dingle, when I heard the voice of Mr. Petulengro calling me. I went up again to the encampment, where I found Mr. Petulengro, his wife, and Tawno Chikno, ready to proceed to church. Mr. and Mrs. Petulengro were dressed in Roman fashion, though not in the full-blown manner in which they had paid their visit to Isopel and myself. Tawno had on a clean white slop, with a nearly new black beaver, with very broad rims, and the nap exceedingly long. As for myself, I was dressed in much the same manner as that in which I departed from London, having on, in honour of the day, a shirt perfectly clean, having washed one on purpose for the occasion, with my own hands, the day before, in the pond of tepid water in which the newts and efts were in the habit or taking their pleasure. We proceeded for upwards of a mile, by footpaths through meadows and corn-fields; we crossed various stiles; at last, passing over one, we found ourselves in a road, wending along which for a considerable distance, we at last came in sight of a church, the bells of which had been tolling distinctly in our ears for some time; before, however, we reached the church-yard, the bells had ceased their melody. It was surrounded by lofty beech-trees of brilliant green foliage. We entered the gate, Mrs. Petulengro leading the way, and proceeded to a small door near the east end of the church. As we advanced, the sound of singing within the church rose upon our ears. Arrived at the small door Mrs. Petulengro opened it and entered, followed

by Tawno Chikno. I myself went last of all, following Mr. Petulengro, who, before I entered, turned round, and, with a significant nod, advised me to take care how I behaved. The part of the church which we had entered was the chancel; on one side stood a number of venerable old men—probably the neighbouring poor—and on the other a number or poor girls belonging to the village school, dressed in white gowns and straw bonnets, whom two elegant but simply dressed young women were superintending. Every voice seemed to be united in singing a certain anthem, which, notwithstanding it was written neither by Tate nor Brady, contains some of the sublimest words which were ever put together, not the worst of which are those which burst on our ears as we entered :

"Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see."

Still following Mrs. Petulengro, we proceeded down the chancel and along the aisle; notwithstanding the singing, I could distinctly hear as we passed many a voice whispering, "Here come the gypsies! here come the gypsies!" I felt rather embarrassed, with a somewhat awkward doubt as to where we were to sit; none of the occupiers of the pews, who appeared to consist almost entirely of farmers, with their wives, sons, and daughters, opened a door to admit us. Mrs. Petulengro, however, appeared to feel not the least embarrassment, but tripped along the aisle with the greatest

nonchalance. We passed under the pulpit, in which stood the clergyman in his white surplice, and reached the middle of the church, where we were confronted by the sexton dressed in long blue coat, and holding in his hand a wand. This functionary motioned towards the lower end of the church, where were certain benches, partly occupied by poor people and boys. Mrs. Petulengro, however, with a toss of her head, directed her course to a magnificent pew, which was unoccupied, which she opened and entered, followed closely by Tawno Chikno, Mr. Petulengro, and myself. The sexton did not appear by any means to approve of the arrangement, and as I stood next the door, laid his finger on my arm, as if to intimate that myself and companions must quit our aristocratical location. I said nothing, but directed my eyes to the clergyman, who uttered a short and expressive cough; the sexton looked at him for a moment, and then, bowing his head, closed the door—in a moment more the music ceased. I took up a prayer-book, on which was engraved an earl's coronet. The clergyman uttered, "I will arise, and go to my father." England's sublime liturgy had commenced.

Oh, what feelings came over me on finding myself again in an edifice devoted to the religion of my country! I had not been in such a place I cannot tell for how long—certainly not for years; and now I had found my way there again, it appeared as if I had fallen asleep in the pew of the old church of pretty D——. I had occasionally done so when a child, and had suddenly woke up. Yes, surely I had been asleep and had woke up;

but no! alas, no! I had not been asleep—at least not in the old church—if I had been asleep I had been walking in my sleep, struggling, striving, learning, and unlearning in my sleep. Years had rolled away whilst I had been asleep—ripe fruit had fallen, green fruit had come on whilst I had been asleep—how circumstances had altered, and above all myself, whilst I had been asleep. No, I had not been asleep in the old church! I was in a pew, it is true, but not the pew of black leather, in which I sometimes fell asleep in days of yore, but in a strange pew; and then my companions, they were no longer those of days of yore. I was no longer with my respectable father and mother, and my dear brother, but with the gypsy cral and his wife, and the gigantic Tawno, the Antinous of the dusky people. And what was I myself? No longer an innocent child, but a moody man, bearing in my face, as I knew well, the marks of my strivings and strugglings, of what I had learnt and unlearnt; nevertheless, the general aspect of things brought to my mind what I had felt and seen of yore. There was difference enough, it is true, but still there was a similarity—at least I thought so—the church, the clergyman, and the clerk, differing in many respects from those of pretty D——, put me strangely in mind of them; and then the words! —by the bye, was it not the magic of the words which brought the dear enchanting past so powerfully before the mind of Lavengro? for the words were the same sonorous words of high import which had first made an impression on his childish ear in the old church of pretty D——.

The liturgy was now over, during the reading of which my companions behaved in a most unexceptionable manner, sitting down and rising up when other people sat down and rose, and holding in their hands prayer-books which they found in the pew, into which they stared intently, though I observed that with the exception of Mrs. Petulengro, who knew how to read a little, they held the books by the top, and not the bottom, as is the usual way. The clergyman now ascended the pulpit, arrayed in his black gown. The congregation composed themselves to attention, as did also my companions, who fixed their eyes upon the clergyman with a certain strange immovable stare, which I believe to be peculiar to their race. The clergyman gave out his text, and began to preach. He was a tall, gentlemanly man, seemingly between fifty and sixty, with greyish hair; his features were very handsome, but with a somewhat melancholy cast: the tones of his voice were rich and noble, but also with somewhat of melancholy in them. The text which he gave out was the following one, "In what would a man be profited, provided he gained the whole world, and lost his own soul?"

And on this text the clergyman preached long and well: he did not read his sermon, but spoke it extempore; his doing so rather surprised and offended me at first; I was not used to such a style of preaching in a church devoted to the religion of my country. I compared it within my mind with the style of preaching used by the high-church rector in the old church of pretty D——, and I thought to myself it was very different, and being

very different I did not like it, and I thought to myself how scandalized the people of D——would have been had they heard it, and I figured to myself how indignant the high-church clerk would have been had any clergyman got up in the church of D—— and preached in such a manner. Did it not savour strongly of dissent, methodism, and similar low stuff? Surely it did; why, the Methodist I had heard preach on the heath above the old city, preached in the same manner—at least he preached extempore; ay, and something like the present clergyman; for the Methodist spoke very zealously and with great feeling, and so did the present clergyman; so I, of course, felt rather offended with the clergyman for speaking with zeal and feeling. However, long before the sermon was over I forgot the offence which I had taken, and listened to the sermon with much admiration, for the eloquence and powerful reasoning with which it abounded.

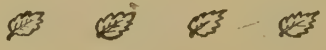
Oh, how eloquent he was, when he talked of the inestimable value of a man's soul, which he said endured for ever, whilst his body, as every one knew, lasted at most for a very contemptible period of time; and how forcibly he reasoned on the folly of a man, who, for the sake of gaining the whole world—a thing, he said, which provided he gained he could only possess for a part of the time, during which his perishable body existed—should lose his soul, that is, cause that precious deathless portion of him to suffer indescribable misery time without end.

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONS

WHEREVER in the world a high aspiration was entertained or a noble blow was struck, it was to England that the eyes of the oppressed were always turned—to this favourite, this darling home of so much privilege and so much happiness, where the people who had built up a noble edifice for themselves would, it was well known, be ready to do what in them lay to secure the benefit of the same inestimable boon for others. GLADSTONE.

I appeal to the House of Commons to bring back what my Lord Clarendon called "the old good-nature of the people of England." They may build up again the fortunes of the land of England—that Land to which we owe our Power and our Freedom ; that Land which has achieved the union of those two qualities for combining which a Roman Emperor was deified—*Imperium et Libertas.*

DISRAELI.



O ENGLAND!

O ENGLAND! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

SHAKESPEARE : *King Henry V*, Act II, Sc. i.

Hampton Court

York Minster

WILD CANADA

FROM PURCHAS (d. 1626), "HIS PILGRIMES"

THE seven and twentieth day we sought the Savages at the Point of Saint Matthew, which is a league from Tadousac. As soone as we were landed we went to the Caban of their great Sagamo, which is called Anadabijou, where we found him with some eightie or a hundred of his companions, which were making Tabagie, that is to say, a Feast. Hee received us very well, according to the custome or the Countrey, and made us sit downe by him, and all the Savages sat along one by another on both sides of the said Cabine.

When hee had ended his speech, we went out of his Cabine, and they began to make their Tabagie or Feast, which they make with the flesh of the Orignac, which is like an Oxe, of Beares, of Seales, and Bevers, which are the most ordinary victuals which they have, & with great store of wilde Fowle. They had eight or ten Kettels full of meate in the middest of the said Cabine, and they were set one from another some six paces, and each one upon a severall fire. The men sat on both sides the house (as I said before) with his dish made of the barke of a tree: and when the meate is sodden, there is one which devideth to every man his part in the

same dishes, wherein they feede very filthily, for when their hands be fatty, they rub them on their haire or else on the haire of theire dogs, whereor they have store to hunt with. Before their meate was sodden, one of them rose up, and took a dog, and danced about the said Kettels from the one end of the Cabin to the other: when he came before the great Sagamo, he cast his dog perforce upon the ground, and then all of them with one voice, cried, ho, ho, ho, which being done, he went and sat him downe in his place, then immediately another rose up and did the like, and so they continued untill the meate was sodden. When they had ended their Feast, they began to dance, taking the heads of their enemies in their hands, which hanged upon the wall behinde them; and in signe of joy there is one or two which sing, moderating their voice by the measure of their hands, which they beate upon their knees, then they rest sometimes, and cry, ho, ho, ho; and begin againe to dance, & blow like a man that is out of breath. They made this triumph for a victory which they had gotten of the Irocois, of whom they had slaine some hundred, whose heads they cut off, which they had with them for the ceremony. They were three Nations when they went to war, the Estechemins, Algoumequins, and Mountaineers, to the number of a thousand, when they went to war against the Irocois, whom they encountered at the mouth of the River of the said Irocois, and slew an hundred of them. The war which they make is altogether by surprises, for otherwise they would be out of hart; & they feare the said Irocois very much, which are in greater

numbers then the said Mountainers, Estechemins and Algoumequins.

The twenty eight day of the said moneth, they encamped themselves in the foresaid haven of Tadousac, where our Ship was; at the break of day their said great Sagamo came out of his Cabine, going round about all the other Cabins and cried with a loud voice that they should dislodge to go to Tadousac, where their good friends were. Immediately every man in a trice tooke down his cabin, and the said grand Captain, first began to take his canoe, & carried it to the Sea, where he embarked his wife and children, & store of furs; and in like manner did well neere two hundred canowes, which goe strangely; for though our Shallop was well-manned, yet they went more swift than we. There are but two that row, the man and the wife. Their Canowes are some eight or nine pases long, and a pace, or a pace & a halfe broad in the middest, and grow sharper & sharper toward both the ends. They are very subject to overturning, if one know not how to guide them; for they are made of the barke of a Birch tree, strengthened within with little circles of wood well & handsomely framed, and are so light, that one man will carry one of them easily; and every Canowe is able to carry the weight of a Pipe: when they would passe over any land to goe to some River where they have busines, they carry them with them. Their Cabins are low, made like Tents, covered with the said barke of a tree, and they leave in the roofe about a foot space uncovered, whereby the light commeth in; and they make many fires right in the midst of their Cabin, where

they are sometimes ten households together. They lie upon skins one by another, and their dogs with them. They were about a thousand persons, men, women and children. The place of the point of S. Matthew, where they were first lodged, is very pleasant; they were at the bottome of a little hill, which was ful of Fir & Cypresse trees: upon this point there is a little level plot, which discovereth far off, & upon the top of the said hill, there is a Plain, a league long, and halfe a league broad, covered with trees; the soil is very sandy, and is good pasture; all the rest is nothing but Mountains of very bad rocks: the Sea beateth round about the said hil, which is dry for a large halfe league at low water.

BETWEEN THE ACTS

A SNAP-SHOT FROM FRANCE

By Arthur Rutland

To have passed up the Strand about noon—a Strand filled with sunshine and lively with traffic—and then to be floundering, before eight at night, through the mud and darkness of a British military camp some thirty miles inside the French coast,—was a day's adventure to give one an almost bewilderingly sharp sense of contrast. Slipping and squelching in the mud, I pulled up presently among a group of men in khaki who stood, dimly visible, listening while a crowded audience of soldiers in an adjacent hut, at the close of a service, were singing "Abide with Me." Darkly in the dark all about us stretched a vast huddle of grey tents, here and there a feeble yellow glimmer of candle-light showing through an open flap; and near by the hut loomed up, a long, low black silhouette, with all its windows glowing vividly.

Sung by such men, in a strange land, that simple, familiar melody seemed to have the very voice and feel of home in it for the singers and the silent crowd that listened outside in the darkness. Perhaps because of all the intimate old associations that have gathered about it, it seemed a sort of link between the thousands in this armed camp and the

peaceful towns and villages they had come from and their people in the homeland; so that, standing there, one had visions of those people at this hour in the quiet rooms of country cottages and thinking one knew of whom; or on their ways home from work in busy towns; and saw the Strand, now also in darkness, alive and noisy with its home-going or theatre-going multitude. Until the singing ended, the link snapped, and England was very far away again.

Farther in the mazes of the camp when I had completely lost myself, I came up against another Triangle hut—there were a score or so of them scattered among the tents—which was just closing. There had been a concert in it that evening. The audience was gone, and two or three workers were clearing up and making ready to tramp home to the "Y.M." headquarters in the town. It was a good-sized hut, with the canteen and other customary arrangements, but it had a proper stage at one end, with a painted backcloth and side-scenes.

"That was done for us," I was told, "by a brilliant young Irish actor. Before the war he was a popular comedian in Dublin. He went through a lot of fighting, and was sent down here last winter slightly wounded and suffering rather badly from shell-shock. Although he was still in the convalescent quarters, he insisted on getting up a pantomime for the boys here. He wrote the words, selected the songs and incidental music, painted the scenery, played a leading part in it himself, was stage-manager and the life and soul of the whole thing."

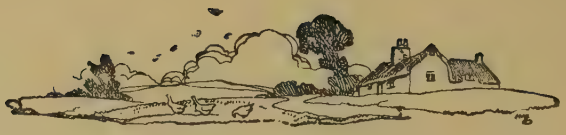
No show in the camp, I was assured, was a more

glorious success than that pantomime. It went with a joyous gusto from start to finish, and the hut was packed to suffocation. But twice during the performance, whilst the delighted audience of soldiers was shouting with laughter, the author-actor was missing. Each time, after a hurried search, he was found sitting alone outside in the dark, shaking as in an ague, with his face in his hands; and the second time he was crying like a child and exasperated with himself that his nerves should have given way so. But he would not hear of excuses being made for him; he resolutely pulled himself together and was back in the wings and ready, when his cue came, to go on with his part as smartly as if nothing were the matter with him; and none of the audience knew of his breakdown or guessed at what was hidden behind the mask of his irresponsible gaiety.

THIS ENGLAND NEVER DID

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

SHAKESPEARE: *King John*, Act V, Sc. vii.



THE HOME-SICK ANZAC

By Trooper Bluegum

The kites of old Cairo are circling on high,
Weird specks on the cerulean blue of the sky:
Before me the polyglot populace stream,
Like kaleidoscopic relays in a dream.
There's a spell o'er this Egypt, its women and men,
But I'm longing, just longing for Sydney again.

At the gate of the Orient, sentinel stands
Aden, majestic, o'er Araby's sands.
What legend and lore of the mystical East!
What glamour romantic, what riot and feast!
It beckons and calls like a Siren; but then
My heart is athirst for old Sydney again.

The lure of old London; how hard to resist,
There's wine to be quaffed and lips to be kissed.
The heart of the Empire pulsating enthrals,
I hasten to Bow Bells, I bow to St. Paul's;
There's the Abbey, the Tower, the Thames, and
Big Ben;
But, somehow, I sigh for old Sydney again.

The sands of the desert are scorching our feet,
We're cursing the flies and the dust and the heat;
The camels are lazy and smelful and vile;
And Abdul won't fight. We can't raise a smile.
I'm sick of the whole show; I'm wondering when
I'll ever see Sydney, my Sydney again.

PLAY THE GAME!

By G. A. Paternoster Brown

Lord's on the occasion of a Test match; a cup final at the Crystal Palace; a mad rush for a goal at a polo match at Hurlingham; or the ding-dong finish of a rowing race at Henley: these are among the events a man and a sportsman cannot forget, and they have a long pedigree of sport behind them. The rough games of the town apprentices in Tudor times; the country wrestling matches, tilting at the ring, single-stick and cudgel-play flourished to such an extent that special laws had to be made to keep them under, as their immense popularity interfered with the more serviceable practice of archery so necessary once to national defence. Athletics were the pastime of all classes. Henry VIII himself was a fine exponent of throwing the hammer, or, as it was then termed, casting the bar.

On the first foundation of the public schools, games began to dispute the day with the school-books. It was Rugby school that set going Rugby football, and the different style of football favoured at Charterhouse was the foundation of the present Association game. Games and sports began at the public schools journeyed, as a matter of course, to the universities when their crack devotees migrated from school to Oxford or Cambridge.

The great game of cricket in all probability dates back to 1200, when a *cricc* or stool formed the first wicket, and was played in the cloisters of the old monasteries as a recreation by the monks after their weary daily routine of devotions and manuscript copying. From this small beginning the game began to flourish on village greens, the wicket afterwards taking the form of stumps and bails. The institution of the old Hambledon Club, which continued to play on Broad Halfpenny and Windmills Downs, Hampshire, from 1750 to 1791, marks an important epoch in the game; and the disbandment of the members of the Club over the neighbouring counties, helped to bring into existence the various county clubs. Then followed the institution of Lord's ground and the M.C.C., the spread of the game to our Colonies, such as Australia and South Africa, leading up to the Triangular Test Matches.

A sport peculiar to this country, and one which, in its influence upon the British race, is probably not estimated at its true worth, is fox-hunting. At a time, some twenty years previous to the advent of the railway, when among the country gentry over-indulgence in food and strong drink was the rule and not the exception, the strenuous sport of hunting did considerable good in mitigating the evil.

The sporting novels of Robert Smith Surtees and the graphic art of John Leech remind us that, like our fiction, British caricature has been kept, on the whole, clean and wholesome. The early volumes of *Punch* would have never acquired their

high standard of cleanness and merit if the hunting and fishing adventures of Mr. Briggs and other like creations had never been evolved by the wits of artists in black and white who formed the magic circle around the table of *The London Charivari* in its youthful days.

In the time of the Regency pugilism was at the height of its popularity. Brutal in its earliest form it undoubtedly was, but the men who practised it were a hardy race, and their bulldog courage gave the old-time bruisers the grit to take terrible punishment without a murmur and as only an incident of the game. Among such men were John Gully, who fought himself out of debt and the Marshalsea prison, and afterwards becoming champion of the Prize Ring, fought himself into the House of Commons as member for Pontefract; John Jackson, deservedly called "gentleman" Jackson, who taught boxing to all the men about town, and numbered the poet Byron among his pupils, by whom he has been eulogised in verse; and the gallant "little wonder" Tom Sayers, whose memorable battle against great odds with the giant John Carmel Heenan will always stand forth as a specimen of British pluck, good nature, and fair play.

Horse-racing, as an adjunct to thoroughbred horse-breeding, has always been a popular sport. Steeplechasing, again, has afforded our Army officers with a fine school for developing courage and coolness. Even during the war it has given many of them a pleasant afternoon's sport when home on leave, especially those who have had the chance of "going round" and of perhaps adding to their list of winning

mounts. Another sport greatly favoured by Army men is polo—a game which has done much to foster good feeling between British and Native officers in India. Originally a Persian game, possibly as old as 600 B.C., it first became popular in its present form with the native rulers of India. In 1869, one night after dinner, some officers at Aldershot, among whom was the well-known sportsman, "Chicken" Hartopp, reading an account of a polo match in India were struck with the possibilities of the game. Getting out their horses and using hockey-sticks and a billiard-ball they then and there essayed a trial of the sport; and this scratch and novel way of playing was the introduction of polo into the British Army.

In the numerous camps now dotted freely all over Great Britain it is good to witness what diversion and cheeriness the playing of our national games impart to the men. Our Colonial troops have brought with them the same love of sport: and baseball, boxing and football may be counted among their most popular forms of amusement. At the various bases in France the same love of strenuous recreation and friendly rivalry is met with, engendering a comradeship which stands fast by them in the real and terrible sport of warfare. It brings out the great lesson, which is first acquired in our public schools and universities, under whatever circumstances or conditions always to PLAY THE GAME.

TO YOU I SING!

By Austin Dobson

To you I sing, whom towns immure,
And bonds of toil hold fast and sure ;—
To you across whose aching sight
Come woodlands bathed in April light,
And dreams of pastime premature.

And you, O Sad, who still endure
Some wound that only Time can cure,—
To you, in watches of the night,—
To you I sing!

But most to you with eyelids pure,
Scarce witting yet of love or lure ;—
To you, with bird-like glances bright,
Half-paused to speak, half-poised in flight ;—
O English Girl, divine, demure,
To *you* I sing!

A PORTRAIT SENT OVER SEAS

By Eric de Banzie

Keen, as I gaze on the portrait you sent me,
Come to me visions its sweetness has lent me—
Dreams of my home!
Free o'er the moorland the north wind is flying,
Blowing me memories dear and undying.

Stars are your bright eyes, stars of my night skies—
Sweet from your cheek blows the scent of my rose ;
Lips, hair, and white throat—these are true magic
Building me pathways where home-vision goes.

Wails o'er the moorland (my dearland !) the plover,
Soughs through the fir-trees the wind, like a lover ;
Home of my heather- and bracken-clad hillsides—
Home of brown streams !
When shall I see you and crouch in your beauty,
Home of my dreams ?

DIMPSEY ON THE MOOR

By John Oxenham

Up aloft, all aloft, all along the Moor,
The curlews are flying and crying,
The curlews are flying and plaintively crying,
While down in the West there the daylight is dying,—
Is dying . . . is dying . . . in glories untold
Of rose-lucent amber and blue-green and gold,—
While the curlews their vespers are crying ;
Such glories untold may our rapt eyes behold
When the wonders of Heaven through the Gates are unrolled,
And, for ever earth's trammels and fetters defying,
We come to full living through dying.

And up along, down along, all along the Moor,
The dimpsey is falling . . . is falling . . .
Like God's Holy Spirit the dimpsey is falling,
From the cope of the dimpsey the night-dew is falling,
The drought and the dearth of the day to allay ;—
Like a sweet benediction the night-dew is falling
On the heat and the thirst of the day.

Up along, down along, all along the Moor,
The dimpsey new grace is revealing ;

Up the combes and the hillsides the gray ghosts are stealing,
In the folds of their night-robes the lowlands concealing;
The curlews are wheeling and flying and crying;
Away in the West there the daylight is dying;—
God's peace all the Moor in glamour is empalling;
The lambs and their mothers have ceased from their calling,
And night like a blessing is falling . . . is falling,—
Like a kiss from God's lips night is falling . . . is falling
On the slumberous face of the Moor.

God's peace is enfolding the Moor in His pure
Benedictory grace and glamour,
And under His sure and most sweet coverture
His creatures lie safe, and His creatures lie sure,—
All His creatures lie safe and secure.

Lord,
We pray that we may
All the ills of the day
Of Thy grace be forgiven,
Of Thy mercy be shriven,
And in Thy good time
Find Thy heaven!

A FISHERMAN'S EARLY MEMORIES

By Viscount Grey of Falloden

To me the opportunity for fishing came early, and the passion for it awoke suddenly. I remember very well being seized with the desire to fish. I was about seven years old, and was riding on a Shetland pony by the side of a very small burn. A mill was working higher up the stream, and the water was full of life and agitation, caused by the opening of the sluice of the mill pond above. I had seen small trout caught in the burn before, but now, for the first time and suddenly, came an overpowering desire to fish, which gave no rest till some very primitive tackle was given me. With this and some worms, many afternoons were spent in vain. The impulse to see the trout destroyed all chance of success. It did not suit me to believe that it was fatal to look into the water before dropping a worm over the bank, or that I could not see the trout first and catch them afterwards, and I preferred to learn by experience and disappointment rather than by the short, but unconvincing, method of believing what I was told.

Very wonderful is the perspective of childhood, which can make a small burn seem greater than rivers in after life. There was one burn which I knew intimately from its source to the sea. Much

of the upper part was wooded, and it was stony and shallow, till within two miles of its mouth. Here there was for a child another world. There were no trees, the bottom of the burn was of mud or sand, and the channel was full of rustling reeds, with open pools of some depth at intervals. These pools had a fascination for me, there was something about them which kept me excited with expectation of great events, as I lay behind the reeds, peering through them, and watching the line intently. The result of much waiting was generally an eel, or a small flat fish up from the sea; or now and then a small trout, but never for many years one of the monsters which I was sure must inhabit such mysterious pools. At last one evening something heavy really did take the worm. The fish kept deep, played round and round the pool and could not be seen, but I remember shouting to a companion at a little distance, that I had hooked a trout of one pound, and being conscious from the tone of his reply that he didn't in the least believe me, for a trout of one pound was in those days our very utmost limit of legitimate expectation. There was a mill pond higher up in which such a weight had been attained, and we who fished the burn could talk of trout of that size, and yet feel that we were speaking like anglers of this world. But this fish turned out to be heavier even than one pound, and when at last he came up from the depth into my view, I felt that the great moment had come which was to make or mar my happiness for ever. I got into the shallow water below the fish, and after great anxieties secured with the help

of my hand a fresh run sea trout of three pounds. Never was a dead fish treated with more care and honour. It had swallowed the hooks, and rather than risk spoiling its appearance in getting them out, the gut was cut and they were left inside. The small trout and eels and flounders were turned out of my basket and put into my companion's, so that the great sea trout might lie in state. It was felt that the expectation of years was justified, that the marvellous had become real, that the glory which had been unseen was revealed, and that after the present moment the hope of great things in the future would live for ever. A few years ago there was published a delightful book called "The Golden Age," in which the author describes the world of childhood as it has been to all of us—a world whose boundaries are unknown, where everything is at the same time more wonderful and more real than it seems afterwards, and where mystery is our most constant companion. So it was with me, especially in the places where I fished. I used to go to the lower part of this burn in the charge of an old gamekeeper, and after a long journey through pathless open fields, we seemed to reach a distant land where things happened otherwise than in the world nearer home. At the end of the walk it was as if we had reached another country, and were living in another day under a different sky. The gamekeeper fished more leisurely than I, and sometimes he would be lost amongst the windings of the burn, to be found again by the sight of the smoke from his pipe rising gently from behind a whin bush. When I now recall that distant land,

I see always somewhere amongst the whin bushes a little curl of thin smoke, and no other sign of an inhabitant.

In course of time there came experience of a fine Highland river, and lochs near it, and or fly fishing in them in August. The trout did not always rise very well in August, but many of them were three-quarters of a pound in weight, a few were even larger, and the sport seemed to me magnificent. Three great days happened all in different years on this river and its lochs. Once the trout took exceptionally well in the loch, and instead of the usual number of twenty or less I landed forty-eight, averaging about three to the pound. Another day there was a little fresh water in the river, and I tried an artificial minnow. First a trout of about two pounds, larger than any trout ever hooked by me before, was lost. While I was still in the agony of disappointment, a second weighing three and a quarter pounds was hooked and eventually landed, and directly after that a third trout of about the same size was hooked and lost, when it was in full view and half in the landing net. Then nothing more would take, and I spent the rest of the day without further incident, trying to think of the fish landed and not of the ones lost.

But the greatest day of all was the third. I was standing at the end of a pier built for salmon fishing, casting out into the smooth strong stream, when a sort of wave seemed to come suddenly and swallow the top fly, and a large heavy body went down stream pulling out the line. I shouted "A salmon!" and the old gillie came hurrying to my side. His

first words were "We shall never get him," against which I protested with rage, and he partially retracted and set to work to advise me. We could not follow the fish downward, but he hove to about twenty yards below us and hung steady in the stream. We turned the trout rod up stream and held it still, keeping a steady strain upon the fish, and waited for what seemed an age without result; but the good old man encouraged me when I grew faint-hearted, and kept me patient. Eventually the fish began to yield. We gained line foot by foot, and more than once got the fish up stream nearly opposite the pier, but it saw us and dropped back each time to the old place down stream. At last amidst great excitement it was coaxed past the pier, in a moment was in the backwater above it, and to my astonishment was then almost at once exhausted and landed. It was a grilse of about six pounds, and rather red, but the distinction between grilse and salmon, between red fish and fresh run fish, was nothing to me. That same day another grilse of about four pounds took the same fly. This second fish took with a splash, ran freely and was landed without difficulty. In the course of many seasons I must have had dozens of days' trout fishing in that same river at the same time of year, but never on any other day did I hook or even rise a grilse or salmon with a trout fly.

CHRISTMAS EVE

By Washington Irving (1783–1859)

It was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold ; our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground ; the postboy smacked his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses were on a gallop.

We had passed for some time along the wall of a park, and at length the chaise stopped at the gate. It was in a heavy magnificent old style, of iron bars, fancifully wrought at top into flourishes and flowers. The huge square columns that supported the gate were surmounted by the family crest. Close adjoining was the porter's lodge, sheltered under dark fir-trees, and almost buried in shrubbery.

The postboy rang a large porter's bell, which resounded through the still frosty air, and was answered by the distant barking of dogs, with which the mansion-house seemed garrisoned. An old woman immediately appeared at the gate. As the moonlight fell strongly upon her, I had a full view of a little primitive dame, dressed very much in the antique taste, with a neat kerchief and stomacher, and her silver hair peeping from under a cap of snowy whiteness. She came curtseying forth, with many expressions of simple joy at seeing her young master. Her husband, it seemed, was up

at the house keeping Christmas eve in the servants' hall; they could not do without him, as he was the best hand at a song and story in the household.

My friend proposed that we should alight and walk through the park to the hall, which was at no great distance, while the chaise should follow on. Our road wound through a noble avenue of trees, among the naked branches of which the moon glittered as she rolled through the deep vault of a cloudless sky. The lawn beyond was sheeted with a slight covering of snow, which here and there sparkled as the moonbeams caught a frosty crystal; and at a distance might be seen a thin transparent vapour, stealing up from the low grounds and threatening gradually to shroud the landscape.

My companion looked around him with transport:—"How often," said he, "have I scampered up this avenue, on returning home on school vacations! How often have I played under these trees when a boy! I feel a degree of filial reverence for them, as we look up to those who have cherished us in childhood. My father was always scrupulous in exacting our holidays, and having us around him on family festivals. He used to direct and superintend our games with the strictness that some parents do the studies of their children. He was very particular that we should play the old English games according to their original form; and consulted old books for precedent and authority for every 'merrie disport'; yet I assure you there never was pedantry so delightful. It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world;

A Homestead under the Bredon Hills

and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent could bestow."

We were interrupted by the clamour of a troop of dogs of all sorts and sizes, "mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound, and curs of low degree," that, disturbed by the ring of the porter's bell, and the rattling of the chaise, came bounding, open-mouthed, across the lawn.

> "—— The little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart—see, they bark at me!"

cried Bracebridge, laughing. At the sound of his voice, the bark was changed into a yelp of delight, and in a moment he was surrounded and almost overpowered by the caresses of the faithful animals.

We had now come in full view of the old family mansion, partly thrown in deep shadow, and partly lit up by the cold moonshine. It was an irregular building, of some magnitude, and seemed to be of the architecture of different periods. One wing was evidently very ancient, with heavy stone-shafted bow windows jutting out and overrun with ivy, from among the foliage of which the small diamond-shaped panes of glass glittered with the moonbeams. The rest of the house was in the French taste of Charles the Second's time, having been repaired and altered, as my friend told me, by one of his ancestors, who returned with that monarch at the Restoration.

As we approached the house, we heard the sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter, from one end of the building. This, Bracebridge said, must proceed from the servants' hall, where a great deal of revelry was permitted, and even

encouraged, by the squire, throughout the twelve days of Christmas, provided everything was done conformably to ancient usage. Here were kept up the old games of hoodman blind, shoe the wild mare, hot cockles, steal the white loaf, bob apple, and snap dragon : the Yule clog and Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and the mistletoe, with its white berries, hung up, to the imminent peril of all the pretty housemaids.

So intent were the servants upon their sports, that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make ourselves heard. On our arrival being announced, the squire came out to receive us, accompanied by his two other sons ; one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence ; the other an Oxonian, just from the University. The squire was a fine healthy-looking old gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open florid countenance ; in which the physiognomist, with the advantage, like myself, of a previous hint or two, might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence.

The family meeting was warm and affectionate : as the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our travelling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings, and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens. They were vari-

ously occupied; some at a round game of cards; others conversing around the fireplace; at one end of the hall was a group of the young folks, some nearly grown up, others of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game; and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls, about the floor, showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings, who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off to slumber through a peaceful night.

While the mutual greetings were going on between young Bracebridge and his relatives, I had time to scan the apartment. I have called it a hall, for so it had certainly been in old times, and the squire had evidently endeavoured to restore it to something of its primitive state. Over the heavy projecting fireplace was suspended a picture of a warrior in armour, standing by a white horse, and on the opposite wall hung a helmet, buckler and lance. At one end an enormous pair of antlers were inserted in the wall, the branches serving as hooks on which to suspend hats, whips, and spurs; and in the corners of the apartment were fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, and other sporting implements. The furniture was of the cumbrous workmanship of former days, though some articles of modern convenience had been added, and the oaken floor had been carpeted; so that the whole presented an odd mixture of parlour and hall.

The grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fireplace, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast

volume of light and heat; this I understood was the Yule clog, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas eve, according to ancient custom.

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair, by the hospitable fireplace of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier, before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious oaken chamber, the panels of which shone with wax, and around which were several family portraits decorated with holly and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers, called Christmas candles, wreathed with greens, were placed on a highly-polished beaufet among the family plate. The table was abundantly spread with substantial fare; but the squire made his supper of frumenty, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas eve. I was happy to find my old friend, minced pie, in the retinue of

the feast; and finding him to be perfectly orthodox, and that I need not be ashamed of my predilection, I greeted him with all the warmth wherewith we usually greet an old and very genteel acquaintance.

The mirth of the company was greatly promoted by the humours of an eccentric personage whom Mr. Bracebridge always addressed with the quaint appellation of Master Simon. He was a tight brisk little man, with the air of an arrant old bachelor. His nose was shaped like the bill of a parrot; his face slightly pitted with the small-pox, with a dry perpetual bloom on it, like a frostbitten leaf in autumn. He had an eye of great quickness and vivacity, with a drollery and lurking waggery of expression that was irresistible.

No sooner was supper removed, and spiced wines and other beverages peculiar to the season introduced, than Master Simon was called on for a good old Christmas song. He bethought himself for a moment, and then, with a sparkle of the eye, and a voice that was by no means bad, excepting that it ran occasionally into a falsetto, like the notes of a split reed, he quavered forth a quaint old ditty.

Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbours together,
And when they appear,
Let us make them such cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather, etc.

The supper had disposed everyone to gaiety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall, where he had been strumming all the evening, and to all appearance comforting himself with some of the squire's homebrewed. He was a kind of

hanger-on, I was told, of the establishment, and, though ostensibly a resident of the village, was oftener to be found in the squire's kitchen than his own home, the old gentleman being fond of the sound of "harp in hall."

The dance, like most dances after supper, was a merry one; some of the older folks joined in it, and the squire himself figured down several couple with a partner, with whom he affirmed he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century.

The party broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall, on my way to my chamber, the dying embers of the Yule clog still sent forth a dusky glow, and had it not been the season when "no spirit dares stir abroad," I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight, and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

HEN WLAD FY NHADAU

By Ieuan ab Iago

Mae hen wlad fy Nhadau yn anwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri ;
Ei gwrol rvfelwyr gwladgarwyr tra mad,
Dros ryddid gollasant eu gwaed.
Gwlad, Gwlad ! pleidiol wyf I'm Gwlad,
Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
O bydded i'r heniaith barhau.

Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd hardd ;
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol mor swynol yw si,
Ei nentydd, afonydd i mi.

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
Mae hen iaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed ;
Ni luddiwyd yr Awen gan erchyll law brâd,
Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

Old Land of my fathers, dear country to me ;
Land of poet and singer, and heroes to be ;
Thy sons grew up warriors, thy love to make good ;
For freedom they gave their life-blood.
Land, land ! we live for thy sake, Mountain-land ;
From far, sea and shore, thy children draw near,
The old tongue sweet in their ear.

Old mountainous region, the bards' paradise ;
Every cliff and wild valley, the hills as they rise—
In the love of thy children, how living they seem ;
Each river, each wild mountain-stream.

If the step of the enemy ever come close,
The old tongue gives warning within the old house.
Thy song shall not die by the traitorous hand,
Nor the harp ever cease in the land.

E. R.

BLUE RIBBONS

By Emily Huntley

Amongst the new guests at the Brown Hostel,[1] over whose porch is the sign of the Red Triangle, arrived one day—the centre of all eyes—a tall, bright-looking girl in short white dress that, with its long blue streamers, suggested a river picnic. She had braved the long journey by train, boat and car, like that, to see the husband of whom the telegram had said: "Regret dangerously wounded . . . may be visited."

What impulse lay behind the flaunting dress we wondered, as the first day went by and the courage and grit of the young wife flashed out. Nine years she had been married. Yes, there was a boy, five years old, and she was "doing her bit" by carrying on her husband's old job about the buffers of railway trucks. The blue streamers looked different after that; the flutter of them seemed to bid defiance to fear; she would not visit her husband in the guise of a woman already widowed; he should be proud of her when he saw her, as he always was on Sundays when they walked in the park, and she as smart as any. She had always stood by him in making up his mind. He must make it up now. So the ribbons fluttered through the ward, and sick men turned to watch them. And the dreadful incubus that weighed down the sick man's will began

[1] Somewhere in France.

to lift when he saw her ; and to have her by his side talking in her vigorous way about home and the boy, and the pieces he could say and the messages he sent to daddy, was better than the best the doctors could do . . . and it won. From the first day improvement began, and soon the name was off the dreaded danger list.

Blue ribbons may not always stand for "grit," but they are a fine antidote to the grime of railway trucks, and have power to wake memories in men whose world has been of khaki for a year.

Besides, are they not a kind of symbol of the curious contradiction of the womanhood of war time that keeps its love of ribbons while it faces the grim challenge of factory or kitchen or broken manhood? If ever the heart of woman is khaki-clad, a glory will have passed from the earth.

IF I SHOULD DIE

By Rupert Brooke[1]

If I should die, think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

[1] Born 1887. Sub-Lieutenant R.N.V.R., 1914 Antwerp Expedition. Sailed with British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, Feb. 28, 1915. Died at Lemnos in the Ægean, April 23, 1915.

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